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April 24, 1888.

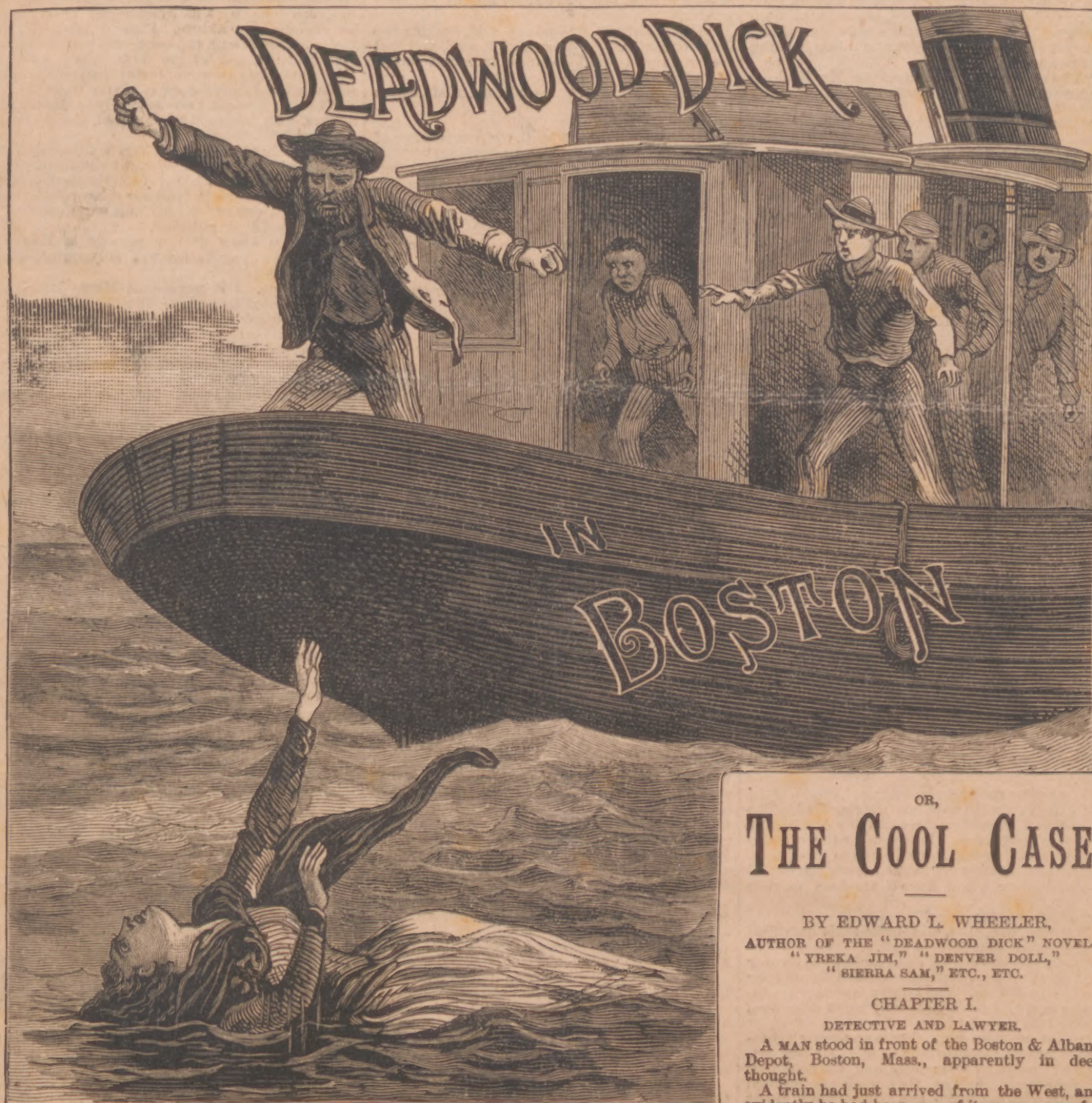
Vol. XXII.

\$2.50  
a Year.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY BEADLE AND ADAMS,  
No. 98 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

Price,  
5 Cents.

No. 561.



## OR, THE COOL CASE.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER,  
AUTHOR OF THE "DEADWOOD DICK" NOVELS,  
"YREKA JIM," "DENVER DOLL,"  
"SIERRA SAM," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

DETECTIVE AND LAWYER.

A MAN stood in front of the Boston & Albany Depot, Boston, Mass., apparently in deep thought.

A train had just arrived from the West, and evidently he had been one of its passengers, for he carried a small grip-sack.

Passengers were pouring from the depot, but

"HA! HA!" HE SHRIEKED, SHAKING HIS CLENCHED FIST ON HIGH. "SUCH IS THE VENGEANCE OF CALVIN COOL!"



the stranger with the grip paid no attention to them.

He was a fine-looking fellow, not far past four-and-twenty, round faced, particularly keen-eyed, and his hair and mustache were of dark-brown hue.

He possessed a most graceful physique, and was evidently a man of strength and agility.

He was elegantly dressed, wore a sealskin coat, silk hat, and carried a massive gold-headed cane.

Evidently he was a person who had ample means, if, indeed, he was not rich.

Not until the majority of the passengers had left the vicinity did this gentleman move away.

Hailing a cab, he entered it, and directed the driver to take him to No. — Beacon street, which was done.

Paying his fare, the gentleman entered the narrow hallway of what was a tenement-house, and ascended to the fourth floor, where, after traversing several narrow, dimly-lighted hallways, he knocked at the door of a room.

The invitation to "Come in," was promptly accepted, and the stranger found himself in a meagerly-furnished room, where an elderly gentleman of rather gruff aspect was seated at a writing-desk, engaged in smoking a grimy pipe.

He was past fifty years of age, and not over prepossessing in appearance, although his high forehead denoted that he was a man of intellect, and his sharp gray eyes bespoke subtle cunning and power of penetration.

"I have the honor of meeting Mr. William Donovan, I believe," the stranger said, inviting himself to a seat.

"That's my name, sir!" was the reply. "And yours—"

"Is Richard Bristol. I am a detective."

"Ah!" and Mr. Donovan surveyed his visitor more sharply. "Not of the Boston squad, are you?"

"Oh! no—of the United States. I believe you are a lawyer, sir?"

"Exactly!" and the respondent brightened up, in evident anticipation of a fee. "Is there anything I can do for you, sir?"

"I am of the opinion that there is. As I understand it, you were, some six years ago, clerk in the city recorder's office of this city."

"Exactly."

"Did you have anything to do with the recording of marriages?"

"I did. That was in my department."

"Very good. Are you good at remembering names, Mr. Donovan—that is *peculiar* names?"

"I have a remarkably retentive memory, I flatter myself."

"Do you remember of ever having heard of the name of Clarice Cool in connection with any marriage-license during your term of clerkship?"

Mr. Donovan reflected a moment.

"I think I recall the name," he replied. "I can soon find out, if it is important you should know."

"It is of the utmost importance!" Bristol declared, "and I will pay you for any information you can furnish me!"

This seemed to be an all-important incentive to the lawyer, for he immediately reached for a large book, at the same time adding:

"During my clerkship I always made it a point to keep a private memorandum of all licenses granted, as I proposed eventually to enter the legal profession, and this memorandum might be of great value to me, as a matter of reference, you see."

He then referred to the big alphabetized volume.

After some research, he said:

"Yes, here is the name of Clarice Cool. The license was granted on the tenth day of January just five years ago. I remember the circumstances perfectly well, now I come to think of it, as I was intimately acquainted with the bridegroom-applicant, and have since done business for him."

"What was his name?"

Donovan hesitated, and looked his dandified visitor over, from head to foot.

"I do not know that I am inclined to answer that question," he replied, "until I know your motive in asking. The family is a very aristocratic one, and don't naturally want detectives nosing into their business."

"That matters not. There are many aristocratic families' secrets that should be nosed out. I should judge by your dress, and the condition of your quarters here, that your professional receipts will not make you rich. If you see fit to stand in with me in working up a very interesting and complicated case, I will see that you receive enough in a short time to keep you

comfortably for a year without raising your finger."

Donovan's eyes glistened greedily, but he made no immediate reply.

So Bristol, (the far-famed Deadwood Dick, Junior) continued:

"On the other hand, it will be very easy for me to consult the recorder's archives, and find out that which I wish to know."

"How did you find out that I was ever recorder's clerk?" Donovan cautiously inquired.

"From a gentleman I met on the cars, en route from New York," was the reply.

"From your remarks, I should infer that your arrival in Boston was quite recently?"

"Less than two hours ago."

"And your business here is of considerable magnitude?"

"Well, yes, somewhat."

"Then, what will you give me to fully enter into your service and plans, and assist you in every way in my power. I am, of course, better posted than you about town, and if I can make more money out of you than out of my business here, I am your man!"

Deadwood Dick reflected.

"I'll give you twenty-five dollars a week at first," he said, finally, "and when we have won the case, one thousand—half of my own profits!"

"It's a bargain," Donovan said, smiting the desk with his fist. "Sail ahead now, and tell me what you want to know and what racket you are up to."

"The first question is—who married Clarice Cool?"

"George Glenroy."

"Do you know any of the circumstances of their meeting and subsequent marriage?"

"None to speak of. I believe their first meeting was at Martha's Vineyard, where Glenroy was a hotel clerk."

"Then how comes the title of Honorable, which he now affixes to his name?"

"That was acquired since the marriage, through the prominent office he has held."

"You said the family was aristocratic?"

"Yes. They move amid the upper-tens of society."

"Glenroy is rich, I suppose?"

"Moderately so, I understand."

"In what kind of business did he acquire his wealth?"

"Well, his wife brought him a fortune, as I was informed, and he's been a stock speculator on the strength of this. That's all I know about it."

"Where do the Glenroys live?"

"Number — Shawmut avenue."

"Any children?"

"Mrs. Glenroy, by a first marriage, has a daughter, now eighteen. Her name is Gertie. Mr. Glenroy, by his first marriage, has two sons, aged twenty and twenty-three. Their names are Gil and Jake. Jake, the younger of the two, is an imbecile; but I'll give you a tip that he's smarter than they think he is. And now, sir, I've told you all I know, and would like to hear from you. Then, perhaps, I can post you further."

#### CHAPTER II. THE COOL CASE.

"WELL, Mr. Donovan," Dick replied, "I am hardly prepared to state the real nature of my errand in Boston, until I am better posted. Suffice it to say, for the present, that it concerns a great robbery, and possibly the sacrifice of a human life. As for the present, rest assured that I will give you all necessary information as soon as I am sure I'm on the right trail. I am, as you know, yet unfamiliar with Boston, and must myself investigate before making any decided moves. In the mean time, keep to yourself what I have told you, for it will be to your advantage to do so. Here are ten dollars, and more will follow when I see you next."

"By the way, do you know of any party with whom Mr. Glenroy has extensive business transactions?"

"No, I do not. I know but very little of his affairs, except as I have stated."

"Very well; I will see you to-morrow, very likely, so I will now bid you good-day."

The detective took his departure, and hailing a cab, was driven to the Revere House, where he registered, and then requested to be shown to Room 206, in which, he stated, he had a friend stopping.

Reaching this apartment, he found himself in the presence of a plainly, rather poorly dressed young lady, whose beauty, however, both of face and figure, was beyond question.

She had a fair, round face, blonde complex-

ion and hazel eyes, combined with a figure of sylph-like grace.

She arose with a smile, and expectant expression, when Deadwood Dick entered.

"Your face tells me you have some news, Mr. Bristol," she said, "I hope it is good news!"

"Well, in fact, I have not had time to collect much of any sort," was the reply. "But I have established the fact that your mother is married again, to one George Glenroy. Further than that I cannot positively say. But, having struck the trail, do not fear but what I will pursue the matter to the end. You enlisted me, a stranger, in your cause, and I am just the man to see that the wrong is righted, regardless of consequences to myself. Of course the way is dark, as yet, but, don't let that discourage you. Light always follows darkness!"

"Oh! I hope so! To find my dear old father, I would go to the furthest corner of the world, had I the means. But, as you know, I am poor, and, out of my very helplessness have accepted of your charitable kindness. I have grave fears, however, that ill has befallen my poor father, else he would have communicated with me long ago."

"Take hope, Miss Cool. We are yet young on the war-path, in this particular instance, but, ere long, we will know more, perhaps of an encouraging nature. I am so interested in the case that I will prosecute the search vigorously, until I get at the facts. Do you know how much money your father had with him when he left Leadville, en route for Boston?"

"I think he must have had fully ten thousand dollars. He left me two hundred, to get along with until his return."

"Yes. Now, let's see. You say the amount absconded with, was nearly half a million?"

"Yes. What with my father's money and that which he held in trust for other people, the total would amount to fully half a million!"

Deadwood Dick reflected.

"Do you know of any persons in Boston, with whom your father was acquainted, outside of his wife?"

"Only one. His name was Moses Mumb, a Jew. He used to be a peddler in the West, but acquired considerable wealth, came East and started into brokerage business, I believe—that is as a pawnbroker. He was a very nice gentleman, and often stopped with us. My father and he were great friends, and often spent pleasant hours together. Mr. Mumb was of the better class of Hebrews, well educated, and shrewd. When he left us, we felt we had lost a friend, because he was so lively and entertaining."

"I should like to meet this man," Dick said. "Do you know his address?"

"Not his business address, but when he came East, he intended to put up at the Adams House. Perhaps you could find out there."

"Very likely; Boston is not as big as New York, and I got around there, pretty fairly. If you will kindly give me a letter of introduction to him, perhaps that will facilitate matters in our investigation—I hope so, at any rate."

"You shall have it, certainly," Cora replied. "My name to a letter of introduction will insure you a hearty welcome, as Mr. Mumb seemed to like me very much."

She went to her traveling-trunk and took out a small writing-case, and within a few minutes Deadwood Dick was in possession of the following:

"M. MOSES MUMB:—

"DEAR SIR:—This introduces to you Mr. Richard Bristol, in whom you can place perfect confidence, and I hope you will give him all information possible. We are in search of my father, who has very mysteriously disappeared."

"Yours truly,

"CORA COOL,

"Formerly of Leadville, Col."

"That's O. K.!" Dick said, after reading the note. "I will visit Mr. Mumb, immediately. After that, Mrs. Glenroy."

"Where does mamma live, Mr. Bristol? I would like to see her."

"Not for the world, Miss Cool. If you wish me to go on with this case, it must not be known that you are in Boston, otherwise, harm might come to you. I wish to have entire charge of the investigation."

"Very well. But cannot you arrange it that I can see my sister, Gertie? I would dearly like to see her."

"That would be ruinous, at present. If she was foolish enough to run away with her mother, she is not worthy of your sisterly affection. Leave all to me, Miss Cool, and I will fetch things around, ship-shape!"



men, I will restrain my anxiety. But I am in fact I am sure, you will not delay the set. I care no more, particularly, for mother, but want to find my father."

"He is alive, you shall have him restored to," Dick replied. "If he is dead, you shall know where his remains are."

"Thank you, sir. You have been very kind to me, and I am sincerely grateful. More than that I cannot well be, until you are more substantially rewarded."

"Oh! that's all right!" Dick replied. "For present I will defray what expenses we incur, but you can bet I will make your felonious thief pay me for my trouble! A friend of an oppressed I always have been, and always will be. Now, there are a few more circumstances I desire to understand before I enter into the investigation. Your father has been absent from home exactly five weeks from day?"

"Yes."

"He started for Boston?"

"Yes."

"He arrived in Boston?"

"Yes. I received a telegram immediately after his arrival."

"You have heard nothing from him since?"

"No. I telegraphed to the chief of police, but nothing has been seen of such a person."

"You have told me, that six years ago, when your mother fled, she took with her all her diamonds, some of which were very valuable, one of them, in particular, being an exceedingly large stone imbedded in a ring of solid gold, inside which ring were the initials, 'C. C.'"

"Yes."

"The ring belonged to your father?"

"It did. It was a present to him from a syndicate of mining speculators, and must have cost one thousand dollars at least."

"Very well. That is all, to-day, so I will go down to the reading-room, read the papers, and get what information I can about the Hub."

Dick descended to the reading room, and was soon engaged in perusing the evening papers.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### THE GLENROY SPLIT.

FOR upward of two hours Dick perused the papers, and, singularly enough, came upon nothing but two interesting advertisements.

The first read:

#### "WANTED.

"A smart young man, experienced in the pawnbroker's business. Apply to

"MOSES MUMB,

"— Hanover street."

The other was:

#### "WANTED.

"A young man as time-keeper.

"GEORGE GLENROY & Co."

These two advertisements so much interested the detective that he at once made a memorandum of them in his note-book, and left the hotel.

"I'll pay Mr. Mumb a visit," he decided, "and after that tackle the Glenroys. If harm came to Calvin Cool, I mean to get at the bottom facts; and that harm did come to him, since he did not communicate with his daughter, and since his errand to Boston was of such a peculiar character, I feel sure."

Dick found his way to Number — Hanover street, and also found that the establishment of Moses Mumb was in the second story of a brick building. Ringing the bell, which was a preliminary to admittance, the detective was admitted by a sudden self-opening of the door.

The usually varied appurtenances of a pawnbroker's office were the principal features of the room, and the jolly, plethoric-looking man behind the counter was evidently the proprietor.

His appearance did not betoken a Jew; in fact, he looked more like a full-fledged American.

"Are you Mr. Mumb?" Dick inquired, approaching the counter.

"I am," was the reply. "What can I do for you?"

"That depends!" Dick replied. "I believe you were formerly a resident of Leadville?"

"Oh! yes."

"You knew one Calvin Cool, a mining-speculator?"

"Very intimately. We were firm friends, and he was a gentleman, every inch of him."

"You knew his daughter, I suppose?"

"Oh! certainly. I knew her well, and a most charming young lady she was. Had I been of a marriageable inclination I fancy I should have proposed to her," and here the man of avoirdupois shook his sides with laughter.

"Well, I don't know that I can blame you,"

Dick replied; "but I have a letter of introduction for you, from Miss Cool," and he presented the missive to the pawnbroker, who scrutinized it with interest.

"Indeed!" he exclaimed. "Why is Miss Cool in search of her father?"

"He has now been five weeks from home, without being heard from since he reached Boston, and knowing that he came upon an important mission, she is here in search of him. When away from home he was particularly prompt in communicating with his daughter, hence her alarm. He came East with a considerable sum of money."

"Ah!" and the pawnbroker knitted his brows. "If any harm has come to Mr. Cool I am surely very sorry. You are a detective?"

"I am."

"Can you show any proof?"

"I reckon this ought to be sufficient proof,"

Dick said, exhibiting his badge.

"Exactly. I am glad to have met you, Mr. Bristol, and for Miss Cool's sake will tender you any assistance in my power. Calvin Cool did arrive in Boston, for, we being former friends he hunted me up, and we had a most pleasant chat together!"

Here Mumb's eyes twinkled strangely, it struck Dick.

"The presumption that he had likely paid you a visit is what brought me here," Dick admitted. "Did Mr. Cool make any reference to his business in Boston?"

"No, he did not. He did, however, remark that he was here on a rather strange errand, and, as he was doubtful about what the result would be, he left a sum of money in my care, to be surrendered to his daughter in case he did not turn up within thirty days. The time will be up to-morrow."

"And you have not seen Cool since?"

"Not a sign of him. It has been somewhat of a puzzle to me, you may rest assured, and an annoyance, for while I am a Hebrew, and a pawnbroker, I always conduct my dealings with honor and integrity, and no one in Boston can say that Moses Mumb is guilty of extortion, trickery or dishonesty. In my dealings, my motto is 'Live and let live.' That's what gained me the respect of Calvin Cool!"

"Good! I am satisfied you are a right-minded and honorable man, and I appreciate your confidence, sir," Dick heartily declared. "If we had more of your sort, my vocation would be on the decline. Have you ever heard that Mr. Cool had some family trouble a few years ago?"

"It was hinted to me by him, but I never poked my nose into other people's business, and never will. I have got plenty to do to attend to my own, although, for Calvin Cool's sake, I would do almost anything. I cannot adequately express to you the affection I have for that man."

"Let me tell you the story. One bitter winter night, dead-broke, and completely worn out from tramping, I, as a peddler, without the price of a meal in my pocket, hit the town of Leadville, Colorado. I had met with tough luck for weeks, and went to Leadville with the hope and expectation of making my fortune, or at least money enough to send some home to my children, Rachael and Levi."

"When I reached the town—they had no good accommodations then—I tried the different shanty hotels for a night's lodging, trusting on the result of to-morrow's sales for the rest. But, I couldn't make it work. They refused me everywhere—one man even kicked me out into the street, and actually stole my stock-in-trade. At last, thoroughly disheartened, I went out, put my pistol to my forehead, and should have blown my brains out, had not this man Cool come up at that moment, and prevented me from doing so. He took me to his home, fed me, and, later on, established me in business."

"I shall never forget his kindness, and if by selling out my business here I could help him out of trouble, I would willingly do so."

"There will be no need of that," Dick assured. "If Mr. Cool is found, it will be cunning, not money, that will prove the chief factor in discovering him. It appears quite evident to me that some trouble has befallen the gentleman, or else he would have communicated with his daughter. Do you know a man by the name of George Glenroy?"

"I do, indeed. He is an occasional customer of mine."

"A customer of yours? In what way, may I ask?"

"Business transactions are confidential, you know," Moses replied, with a smile.

"Not necessarily so, to a detective," Dick declared. "My power can be made authority, and, as Mr. Glenroy is concerned in the case I have in hand, I wish an answer."

Mumb looked doubtful for a moment, then he brightened up and said:

"Well, if it concerns the case of my friend Cool, of course I cannot refuse you the information. Mr. Glenroy is a speculator, and as often meets with reverses as he wins. He is an inveterate gambler in stocks, and when he loses he invariably puts up his diamonds. He is a very high-toned man, but his wife is a spendthrift, in a fashionable sense, and makes Glenroy hustle to make ends meet."

"Why, I thought the Glenroys were rich."

"Oh, they are reputed to be, but, it is us pawnbrokers who are able to judge about many people's real financial condition. That Mrs. Glenroy has money, I am sure, but mighty little of it he gets. He owns real estate, an interest in a steam-tug, and horses, but his innate modesty, keeping his private losses from the gossips, causes him to hesitate from negotiating a mortgage. Hence, when he is short, he prefers to make a private deal with me."

"Did Mr. Glenroy ever deposit with you a solid gold diamond ring, inside of which circlet were the initials 'C. C.'?"

The pawnbroker looked surprised.

"He did!" he responded, after a moment's hesitation. "He has done so frequently. I—By the way, that is his ring at the bell. I know it perfectly."

"Then secrete me, so that I can overhear what transpires!" Dick instantly suggested.

Of the opinion that it would be advisable to do so, the pawnbroker conducted the detective behind a partition, where he could hear without being seen.

The door automatically swung open and Glenroy entered the store, and was greeted effusively by the pawnbroker.

"My dear Mr. Glenroy," he said, "I am very glad to see you. How is your health, may I ask?"

"Better than my pocketbook," was the response. "I'm short again, and must have some money. Here's the ring. Give me the most on it you can. I and the old lady have had a split, and all's over between us."

"How much do you want on the diamond, Mr. Glenroy?"

"Five hundred dollars. If I fail to redeem it to-morrow, it is yours."

"Very well, sir; I am always ready to accommodate you! Give me the ring, and I will give you the money."

The exchange was made, and then Moses said: "So you have really left your wife, do I understand?"

"Yes—now, and for all time. We have not lived in harmony of late, and I saw fit to pull out. There's little comfort in living with a woman who spends more than half a man can make and runs him in debt besides, when she has plenty of money of her own."

"No, I should say not. Mr. Glenroy, what has become of Calvin Cool?"

"Calvin Cool?"

It was Deadwood Dick who, advancing from behind the partition, accosted Mr. Glenroy.

"Yes, Calvin Cool," persisted Dick, surveying the speculator, sternly.

"Who is Calvin Cool, pray?" was the query that followed.

"The husband of your present alleged wife, sir. Your wife as you suppose her to be, ran away from her husband in the Far West, taking with her one of her daughters, and all her husband's money and diamonds, the latter amounting to a very large sum. She came East, and eventually married you. After a time, her husband obtained traces of her whereabouts, and came here to Boston to effect a restitution of his vanished fortune. Since his arrival here, nothing has been seen or heard of him, and his daughter has come East in search of him, and employed me to assist her."

"Well, sir, I am sure that I know of no such person as you mention, nor of his whereabouts. When I married my present wife, I understood that she was a widow. If she deceived me, I am sure I am not to blame."

"Oh! of course not. But I didn't know but you might know something of Mr. Cool's whereabouts. Where do you live, Mr. Glenroy?"

"Well, to tell the truth, my wife and I have parted, and our former residence is closed up. My wife and her daughter have gone to the Adams House, while myself and two sons are quartered elsewhere."

"Do you think Mrs. Glenroy might know where Mr. Cool is?"



"Possibly, though hardly probable. If she had another husband living, and he came to Boston, she may have been so informed, yet kept the information from me as a matter of safety to herself."

"Quite likely. Having committed bigamy in marrying you, she certainly would be anxious to conceal all knowledge of the fact from you, and it may therefore be that her influence caused Calvin Cool to be put out of the way."

"She's none too good for such an act. She is a woman of strong passions, and has more than once threatened my life. More than that I will not now say."

"Of whom did you receive the ring you just pawned—your wife, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"She has a large collection of jewels, I believe?"

"Few women in Boston have more or better ones."

"She has money, too."

"Yes—has a fortune in her own right."

"You say she is stopping at the Adams House?"

"Yes; there is where she is staying for the present."

"Have you any particular hotel where you can be found, if wanted?"

"None as yet, although I shall most likely visit the Tremont, daily."

"Your sons, Gilbert and Jacob, are with you?"

"Yes. But what of them? They know nothing of this Calvin Cool!"

"Oh! presumably not. You understand that we detectives have a habit of asking questions, relevant and irrelevant!"

"Well, I do not care to answer any more," and turning, Glenroy left the room, and Dick soon did likewise.

After his departure, honest Moses Mumb's whole demeanor underwent a change.

"There's been foul play done!" he mused, "and Calvin Cool's wife is at the bottom of it. She is a rich woman, and what I have learned to-day, ought to place her at my mercy. Times are not what they ought to be, and if I could make an honest thousand dollars out of her, why not? Chances are that my old friend Cool is dead, and, by getting his money away from his wife, I would be only doing a charitable act to Calvin's memory. The matter is worth consideration!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE PAWNROKER AS A PLOTTER.

FROM the pawnshop, Dick went back to the hotel where Miss Cool was stopping, and acquainted her with the particulars of what he had learned.

In the mean time, Moses Mumb, the Jew, left his place of business in charge of his son and hastened to the Adams House.

On reaching the hotel, the wily son of Israel consulted the register, and then sent up his card.

A few minutes later, he was seated in the parlor of an elegant suit of rooms, in the presence of a tall, imposing-looking woman, whose cold, almost marble-like face, and sharp gray eyes betokened that she was a person of unusual strength of will.

She was attired in a rich costume, and in her younger days had no doubt been a most handsome person.

Time had wrought changes, however, and even paint and powder could not dispel the wrinkles.

"I believe I have the honor of meeting Mrs. George Glenroy?" Moses said, with suave politeness.

"I am Mrs. Glenroy, yes," was the cold reply.

"Just so. You were formerly Mrs. Calvin Cool, from the West?"

"How do you know that?" she demanded, quickly.

"Oh! I have heard that knowledge," was the reply. "I believe you left your husband and absconded with his money and jewels!"

Mrs. Glenroy instantly sprang to her feet, indignantly.

"This is infamous," she cried. "How dare you come here and insult me so? I'll have you understand, sir, that I am a lady!"

"So your surroundings would seem to indicate," the pawnbroker blandly replied, "but that does not alter the truth of my accusation in the least. I am pretty well acquainted with your true husband, from whom you have never been divorced, and also with your later spouse, Mr. Glenroy. The fact that you are both a bigamist and a thief stands without question. I have the proof. Understand, however, that I do not come to you as an enemy!"

Mrs. Glenroy sunk upon a sofa, her face of ashen pallor, her eyes gleaming.

"What brings you here, then?" she demanded, gaspingly.

"I come as a friend, providing you are willing to pay me for my friendship. I have information which causes me to know that you now are in positive danger."

"Danger! In what way, sir?"

"Well, promise to pay me, and I will not only inform you, but I will shield you from harm that will otherwise befall you!"

Mrs. Glenroy looked at her visitor, contemptuously.

"Bah!" she said. "Do you think I am a fool to be blackmailed?"

"There is no blackmail about it," Mumb coolly replied. "The case is this: You are wanted on three charges—first, grand larceny, second, bigamy, and third, murder!"

"Murder! My God! what do you mean?"

"What I say! Detectives are even now searching for you in this city, and State's Prison, if indeed, not the gallows, stares you in the face!"

"But how—what damnable plot is this against me? Explain yourself!"

"Do you wish to employ me?"

"Yes, yes! Go on!"

"Well, the matter is this: Calvin Cool, learning your whereabouts, and bent on revenge, came East several weeks ago to have you arrested. He called upon me, but I did not see fit to give him any information, Mr. Glenroy being one of my customers in certain business matters."

"It has been proven, however, that Cool found you, and a stormy interview took place, since which he has not been heard from or seen."

"Growing alarmed, his daughter came East and engaged detectives, who have so far progressed in the matter that they are satisfied you are the direct cause of Cool's disappearance, and you are suspected of having had him put out of the way, you fearing his intended vengeance. Thus you see you are in a very dangerous position, for now having, as I understand, left Mr. Glenroy, he will not shield you from these detective bloodhounds who are on your track. For a reasonable consideration, being a poor man, I will!"

"Who are you?"

"Moses Mumb!"

"I mean what is your business?"

"I am a pawnbroker. You perhaps have heard Mr. Glenroy mention me?"

"Not that I know of, sir. Glenroy never made me his confidante. You say my daughter is here in Boston?"

"She is."

"Where?"

"That I cannot tell you, not knowing. The detective called upon me, and made inquiries as to your whereabouts. Knowing you had quit your former residence, I directed him there and came to inform you."

"What is this detective's name?"

"Richard Bristol. I should judge he is one of the sharpest and most successful detectives of the West. Unless you choose to let me assist you, he will, without doubt, hunt you down, and then will follow arrest, disgrace, imprisonment, and perhaps the gallows—for mind you, this Bristol is one who spares none!"

"How could you protect me, pray, in case I was disposed to accept of your protection?" Mrs. Glenroy asked, eagerly, nervously.

Moses smiled, knowingly.

"I can fix that all right," he declared. "I have only my son, daughter and myself, and over my store is a suit of rooms, nicely furnished, where you could live comfortably and quietly, until this business has blown over, which won't be long. No one would think of searching for you at Moses Mumb's place of business, and failing to find you, the detectives would soon give up the case, in disgust!"

"What price would you expect for these accommodations?"

"Well, let me see. I have a mortgage on my place, which must be lifted. It is for one thousand dollars. That would be the sum I should require!"

"Indeed! The price is preposterous. I can leave town and establish myself elsewhere, very much cheaper!"

"Ah! could you? Well, I beg to differ with you!" and the Jew's eyes emitted a peculiar gleam.

"How do you mean?" Mrs. Glenroy demanded, haughtily.

"I mean," Mumb answered, "that one of the detectives is stopping in this hotel, and were you to try to escape from here, except under

my care, you would be gobbled up, instantly, and hustled off to jail. On the other hand, however, pay me five hundred, and I will steer the detective out of the way, assist you to escape from the hotel, and conduct you to my home, where you can have secure and comfortable quarters, until it is safe for you to be abroad. There will be room enough, so that you can keep house and have a servant girl, and live there in safety!"

"And so, if I were to refuse you would give me up to this officer?"

"No! no! My dear lady, you misunderstand. I am your friend, and would not bring you to harm. The detective is not living here, but is hanging around, seeing what he can see or hear, and he is suspicious that you are here. There are several of these detectives, under command of this man Bristol, and I judge that they are distributed among the different hotels keeping a sharp lookout. Bristol has gone to your late residence, and very likely some of your former neighbors may be able to tell him your present address!"

Mrs. Glenroy turned pale.

"You are right!" she said, "and there are plenty who would be glad to do so, if they thought it would get me into trouble. Yes, I must leave this hotel at once, and I know of no better place for the present, than to accept your offer; so, send the detective away, and order a baggage wagon, and by the time you return, my daughter and myself will be ready to accompany you. I will then pay you your price."

"My dear madam, you are most sensible, and time will prove that I am a friend to you!" Mumb said, blandly. "I will hasten at once to make arrangements for our departure."

He then bowed himself out of the room.

"I hate that man!" Mrs. Glenroy hissed, when Mumb was gone. "He is a scheming but intelligent rascal, and has played me for his victim. But, if matters are as he represents, and I can but believe that they are, I see no present alternative but to accede to the man's proposition. But, I shall look sharp that you play me no tricks, for further extortion, Mr. Moses Mumb!"

She then called her daughter, a tall, graceful brunette, of marked beauty, and briefly confided to her the situation of affairs.

The young lady seemed to take the news very philosophically, and she and her mother began immediate preparations for departure from the hotel.

When Mumb returned, half an hour later, he found them all in readiness.

"It's all right!" he said; "I've sent the detective on a wild goose chase, and a hack is waiting at the ladies' door. A baggageman will call for your effects, and bring them. So come! let's be off before the detective returns!"

They left the hotel, entered a hack, and were driven rapidly away.

Within half an hour's time, Mrs. Glenroy and her daughter were the tenants of a cosy suit of rooms, over the pawnshop of Moses Mumb.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### DEADWOOD DICK INTERVIEWS SILLY JAKE.

THE first thing Deadwood Dick did, after leaving his pretty client, Miss Cool, at the Revere House, was to find his way to the late residence of Mr. George Glenroy.

Despite the fact that Glenroy had admitted a separation from his wife, Dick naturally expected to find some one still in possession of the residence; but, much to his surprise, upon his arrival there, he found the mansion locked, the windows boarded up, and a sign of "To Rent," posted upon the front door.

The only person visible about the premises, was a loutish-looking fellow, who was seated on the doorstep, engaged in whittling a stick.

Although not bad-looking, and fairly dressed, there was a certain shiftlessness about him and a dull, vacant expression about his face, that would seem to indicate that he was not overly bright.

"Don't no one live here!" he said, as Dick entered the little yard in front of the mansion, which was one of the handsomest structures in its vicinity. "Place closed bang up tight!"

"Is this not Mr. Glenroy's place?" Dick asked, surveying the house.

"Yas, but the old man and the old woman had a split, and shut up shop."

"Who are you?"

"I'm Jake!"

"Jake!—what, not Mr. Glenroy's son?"

"Yas."

"But, if the house is closed, what are you doing here?" Dick queried.



"Oh! this has allus been my home, an' I allus comes over here, every day. If dad hadn't gone an' married that cat what is his wife, we'd have a happy home, yet."

"I reckon you are right!" Dick said, taking a seat on the piazza. "From what I've heard said, Mrs. Glenroy has not got the mildest sort of a temper!"

"Temper!" ejaculated Jake, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Why, she's worse'n a wildcat! I'd sooner mate with a tigress, what you see in the circus, than to mate with her. I tell you she made it hot for the old man, and he finally had to leave her."

"Do you know where she is living, now? I want to find her."

"Do it! Well, I reckon! Folks say I'm an idiot, and don't know potatoes from green apples, but you bet Jake Glenroy has got eyes and ears, and they've a knack of makin' themselves useful, on certain occasions. No, sir, Jakie ain't quite so much of a fool as folks take him for."

"But, where is Mrs. Glenroy's present residence?" Dick persisted.

"At the Adams House. She and her stuck-up gal are two of a kind, 'cept Gertie is influenced."

Dick reflected a moment.

"Do you remember, some four or five weeks ago, of a strange man calling here to see Mrs. Glenroy?" he asked.

Jake nodded.

"Yes," he replied. "Odd-looking Josey, wasn't he, with long hair and a goatee, and dressed rough? Wore a hat with a sockin' broad rim?"

"Yes, that is the very man!" Dick declared, excitedly.

"Yes, I remember him. He come here, and sed he wanted to see the missus. I was settin' here where I am, now, an' when he give a tip of a quarter, I showed him the way to the parlor. Purty soon I heard loud voices, but I was too lazy to go find out what the matter was."

"How long did the man remain here?"

"Dunno. I lounged on the veranda, here, 'til dark, but I didn't see the bloke leave the house."

"How long did the loud voices continue, in the parlor?"

"Oh! ten or fifteen minutes!"

"What time in the day did the stranger arrive here?"

"Purty soon after dinner."

"And you didn't see him come out of the house?"

"No!"

"Maybe you were asleep on the veranda, when he left?"

"No, I wasn't, 'cause I kept up a wonderin' who the funny lookin' bloke was that was visitin' dad's wife, and I waited purpose to get another squint at him. 'Twan't no use, tho'."

"When you went into the house at dark, didn't you see or hear anything of him?"

"No!"

"Did you go into the parlor?"

"Well, I guess not! Silly Jake never was allowed in there, 'cept when dad was around, 'cause the Old Cat kept the door locked. Dad was out o' town, on this purtic'lar day, you see, and he never know'd 'bout the stranger bein' here, d'ye see?"

"Why did you not inform him?"

"Well, dar you see, I wanted to go to the theater, and her niblets give me five dollars, and so I didn't squeal on her!"

"Did Mrs. Glenroy have many visitors?"

"G-d-darned few! The neighbors 'round here didn't like her, an' they give her the cold shoulder! About the only ones that come to see her, was Jack Brady, the 7th ward tough, and Ignatius, or 'Italy,' the Italian padrone—both on 'em jail-birds. I told dad about their comin' here, a few days before dad an' his wife parted, and that's what kicked up the big rumpus!"

"Ah!" thought Dick. "Here may be the beginning of the trail."

Aloud he said:

"Were these men here to see Mrs. Glenroy, the day of the long-haired stranger's visit?"

"No!" but they were the next day."

"Where do they most generally hang out?"

"Gosh! a little of 'most everywhere, around the slums. I've seen 'em on Federal street, and around the water front saloons, a good deal."

"Do you think you and I might be able to find them, to-morrow?"

Jake's eyes opened wide.

"Me an' you?" he ejaculated.

"Yes."

"Gosh! you wouldn't be seen on the street with Foolish Jake, would you? Why, the blokes would all laugh at you!"

"Let them laugh. I don't care if they laugh themselves to death. I don't see anythin' foolish about you, young man, and if you want to be of assistance to me, I will put some money in your pocket!"

Jake's eyes glistened.

"By gosh! I like you, I do!" he said. "If I can do anything for you, I'll do it. You's the only one that ever spoke so kindly to me, 'ceptin' dad!"

And, stalwart young man though he was, tears welled into the poor fellow's eyes.

"All the rest of 'em pokes fun at me!" he continued, in a choked voice, "and say there goes Glenroy's idiot, Foolish Jake!"

"Well, that's dirty mean!" Dick declared, candidly, "and I wouldn't stand it if I were you. You're not foolish, I'll vouch, and they who utter these insults but show their low breeding. You're a big strapping fellow, and if I were you, I'd give the first person who insulted me a good licking. Pshaw! Jake, don't let this scoffing annoy you, but take your own part, and fight it out on that line, and if I'm around I'll help you."

This was too much for Jake's sensitive nature and he burst into tears.

"You are awful kind to me," he sobbed, "but if I was to fight with every one who says such things about me, and pokes fun at me, I'd have to be fighting all the time."

Dick laughed.

"Well, cheer up!" he encouraged. "You and I will be friends, anyhow. Now, listen, and I'll tell you something, providing you will keep a still tongue in your head!"

"You bet!" Jake responded, emphatically. "Nobody ever gets much out of me, if I am a fool!"

"Very well. I am a detective, and I think I can use you to good advantage. I have come here to Boston to find that strange man who visited your step-mother, and who mysteriously disappeared."

"Now, to-morrow, about ten o'clock, I will meet you in front of the Revere House, and we will look up these two toughs, Brady and Ignatius. Want to get a squint at them, as I am not sure but what they may have had a hand in the disappearance of the Westerner."

"All right, sir. I will be there."

"Very well. By the way, before I go, you have a brother, haven't you?"

"Yes—Gil."

"What sort of a fellow is he?"

"He's a cuss on wheels, and the meanest man in Boston. Ye want to fight shy of him, for he ain't no earthly good. Although he gambles an' luses, an' sponges his livin' out o' dad, he stands in cahoots with the Old Cat. Ye see, he intends to marry her daughter one of these days."

"Ah!" and Deadwood Dick whistled, softly.

"Where would I be apt to find him?"

"Dunno. He most generally hangs out along the business part of Tremont street. Any one could point him out to you, for nigh everybody knows him."

It was now getting along toward dusk, and so, bidding his informant good-night, Dick set out for the heart of the Hub.

"Well, I've not made a bad beginning," he said to himself, "considering the few days I have been in Boston. In this Silly Jake, as they call him, I think I have made a valuable acquisition. He's no more an idiot than I am—not a bit! I'd match him against a good many people I've met, for downright smartness and cunning. The only thing the matter with him is that he's been teased so much, that he has lost all confidence in himself. But, his assistance will not be all I shall need. I must send on for my boy partner."

And he did so, for the following message was dispatched:

"You are wanted. Come to the Revere House, Boston, by the earliest train after receiving this."

"DICK BRISTOL."

This message was addressed to:

"Rats, No. — Bleeker street, New York City."

"He ought to get that to-night!" Dick observed, "and if he is in his room early, he can jump the late train, and arrive here in the morning."

Having sent the telegram, he sought the hotel, and spent a couple of hours in conversation with his fair clientess, Miss Cool, after which he got his supper, and then sought his room for the night.

"To-morrow will be time enough to interview Mrs. Glenroy," he mused, "and in the mean time, I want to kind of get my ideas, and, as far as possible, form a plan of action."

## CHAPTER VI.

JACK BRADY, THE TOUGH.

WHEN Mrs. Glenroy and her daughter were comfortably settled in their new quarters, the former showed much more nervousness and anxiety than when in conversation with Moses Mumb.

"I fear we are going to have trouble, Gertie," she said, dubiously. "If all be true which the pawnbroker told me, and I have but little doubt that it is, we are in great danger!"

"I have feared it all along," Gertrude replied, with a sad shake of the head. "I have felt, from the day we left the West, that retribution would sooner or later overtake us. Oh! mamma, why did you ever leave papa in the way you did?"

"Shut up, you fool! Haven't I told you never to utter anything like that again? I left him because I hated him—because he was a miser, and wouldn't give me what money I wanted to spend!"

"But, mamma, you must remember you spent an awful lot of money, and sometimes I've seen papa very sad, because you were so extravagant."

"Will you shut up?" almost screamed Mrs. Glenroy. "It's none of your business how much I spent. You get your living, so keep your tongue still. What if I did spend money? He could afford it. One can't be a lady, without plenty of money, and I was never cut out for anything else but a lady. Anyhow, I got the best of the old fool. Now, let me think!"

She remained silent a moment, her brows knitted in a way that gave to her face a disagreeable expression—the look of a desperate criminal at bay, as it were.

"Something must be done to avert this danger," she muttered, directly, "and there's no time to be lost, either. Gertrude, get me the pen, ink and paper out of my sachel."

Gertie mechanically obeyed.

Evidently experience had taught her on which side her bread was buttered.

Mrs. Glenroy then seated herself at a table, and indited a letter of considerable length, which she sealed in an envelope and directed.

Then, by pounding upon the floor, she brought Moses Mumb in haste to answer her summons.

"My dear lady, what is it I can do for you?" the Jew asked, in a most patronizing way.

"Send for a district messenger for me."

"A district messenger?" and Moses elevated his eyebrows in astonishment.

"Yes; that is what I said."

"But, my dear lady, you do not consider the danger—"

"Bah! I'll run the risk of all the danger, so send for the messenger, as I have directed. Another thing, if a man calls to see me—a rough-looking fellow, with a scar upon his cheek—send him up here. I have some business with him."

"You are not going to leave here, my dear lady, after all the expense and trouble I have been to?" Moses exclaimed, imploringly.

"No, I'm not going to leave here, at present!" was Mrs. Glenroy's sharp retort. "But I am going to have that detective silenced—or all of them, for that matter. How many of them did you say there were?"

"Really, I do not know!" Moses averred, with a sigh of relief. "My son, Levi, who is very shrewd, and who knows all the circumstances, is sure there must be a dozen. Levi is a very smart young man."

"But there must be as many as half a dozen, or more, for they are scattered around very, very thick. And I have a suspicion that the local force are on the lookout, too; for my son, who went a little while ago to the Adams House, saw over a dozen local detectives there in consultation."

A look of terror entered Mrs. Glenroy's eyes, but immediately she set her teeth together, and her face flushed with pent-up passion.

"Let them come!" she hissed. "I'll have them all silenced, or, if I fail, they will never take me alive—never!"

"Bravo!" Moses said, looking at her admiringly. "You are a brave lady."

"Never mind your compliments, sir—they are not wanted. Go order the messenger, as I directed. I've paid you your price, and now I expect you to serve me!" Mrs. Glenroy said, imperiously.

Moses evidently did not quite relish this style of address, but, although he said nothing, and turned and left the room, there was a sinister gleam in his eyes.

"So-ho! my fine lady," he muttered. "You still carry a high head, eh? Well, wait! I'll lower it ere long! You're in my power, and I'll



make it felt when the right time arrives. You have money and you have diamonds. Those diamonds shall be mine, as sure as my name is Moses Mumb! and as much of the money as I can grip. I am not playing this game for nothing, and although I am an honest man, I mean to win in this race."

Avarice seemed to have changed the character of this man, completely, in a day. From the Moses Mumb who was friend and confidant of Calvin Cool, the fact that Cool was dead apparently rendered him oblivious of all his obligations to Cool's memory and to the daughter whose case Dick Bristol had so honorably espoused. The greed for gain was now his guide and the step once taken we shall see him pursue the baser part to the end—of course greatly to Dick's astonishment and anger.

Within an hour Mrs. Glenroy and a rough-looking customer were seated *te-te-te*, in the former's parlor. Gertrude had been sent out on an errand, and the two were alone.

The rough-looking customer was a man forty-five, powerful of frame, and evidently possessed of prodigious strength.

His face was a study. It was massive, coarse and brutal of aspect. He had evidently run against a shoulder-hitter at some previous period, for his nose had been broken. His eyes were small and glittering, and upon his left cheek was an oblong scar, upon which beard refused to grow.

"Well, Mag, what is it your wantin', now?" he was saying, with singular familiarity.

"I've got a job for you, Jack," was the reply, "and there is money in it, if you do it up right."

Jack shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, that's what you said once before, my queenly sister, but, after the job was done, it was devilish little money I could squeeze out of you!"

"Didn't I pay you what I promised?"

"Well, yes, but you see, I ought to have had more, considerin' the job!"

"Oh, no! I meet my promises, and that's all that can be expected of me. Where is the Italian?"

"Off on a drunk, I guess. I haven't seen him since yesterday, when he pinched a man's pocket, to the tune of several thousand dollars. He divied up, and that's the last I've seen of him. When he gets money he gets drunk."

"Jack!" and Mrs. Glenroy bent near her brother, "have you been out there since that night?"

"Well, not if I know myself!" was the answer. "I ain't so fond of courtin' stiffs as all that comes to, you bet!"

"Then you really think he is dead?"

"Of course he is. If the blow over the head didn't kill him, he's starved to death ere this. No man could go nearly four weeks without food or water. Besides, the place is literally alive with rats, and they're particularly fond of man-meat," and the villain chuckled hideously, while Mrs. Glenroy shuddered, and grew a shade paler.

"Well, what's the job you were speakin' about?" Jack Brady demanded.

Mrs. Glenroy proceeded to enlighten him in regard to all that Moses Mumb had told her.

Brady heard her through, without interruption, and then said:

"I don't take much stock in this Jew! The whole race are a pack of cheats," he declared.

"Still, there must be some foundation to his story, for what would he have known about my past and present personal affairs?"

"Well, I don't say there ain't anything in it; but you want to look out for the pawnbroker. He'll probably try to melt you for more money. Now, what is it you want done?"

"First of all, I want you to find this man Bristol, and put him out of the way, at the same time ascertaining how many confederates he has. *It must be done!* When you have fixed him, I will give your further orders!"

"Oh, you will, eh? Better settle for this one first. How much do you expect it is going to cost you to have this job done?"

"I'll give you two hundred dollars when you bring me proof that you have put this detective out of the way," was the business-like retort.

"Not enough!" Brady replied, curtly. "I can do better than that by 'bucking the tiger,' without staining my hands with blood. I'm tired of that!"

"Very well. That's my best figure. If it don't suit you, I'll hire 'Italy.' He'll do it for that price."

"Go ahead and hire him, if you like. If you do, it will cost you more than five hundred

dollars, you can bet on that!" Brady declared, significantly.

"Mag," as he had called her, fairly glared at him.

"What do you mean?" she fiercely demanded.

"Would you betray me?"

"With the greatest of pleasure, providing you hired the Italian!" was the reply. "If there is any money to be made, I'm going to make it. No foreigners need apply. For five hundred dollars I'll put this Bristol where he'll never trouble you nor any one else. You can guess where!"

"Jack, I did not think you'd be so extortionate with your only sister. You ought to be ashamed of yourself—indeed you had."

"Nary shame!" was the retort. "Shame is an article that applies only to young people. I'm long past that age. Come! what do you say? I've no time to dilly dally."

Mrs. Glenroy hesitated a moment, and then answered:

"Well, I'll give you your price on two conditions!"

"Name them."

"The first is that you will put this man Bristol out of the way. The second is, that you will visit the hut, and ascertain the true state of affairs there. I must know, for I can't rest easy until I know that all possible danger in that direction is over!"

"Why don't you go yourself?" Brady demanded, with a lugubrious expression of his repulsive countenance!

"Ugh! I wouldn't for the world!" Mrs. Glenroy declared, with a shudder. "I'd be afraid his ghost would rise up, and smite me!"

"Bah!" and Jack laughed. "You'r a fool, like all other women. Give me half the money in advance and I'm your man!"

Mrs. Glenroy reluctantly complied with this demand, and the tough then took his departure.

## CHAPTER VII.

### DICK INTERCEPTS A LETTER.

DEADWOOD DICK put in a good night's rest at the hotel, and it was quite late when he went down-stairs to the office, where he glanced over the register to learn the names of the recent arrivals.

He was soon greeted by a hearty slap on the shoulder and the salutation of: "Ah, there, boss!" and the young New York apprentice, "Rats"—not Rats, the ragged newsboy, but Rats, the juvenile ferret, well-dressed, and looking as bright as you can imagine stood before him.

"Ah! it's you, Rats, is it?" Dick cried, grasping him by the hand. "Got my telegram, did you?"

"Yes. Had just retired to my boudoir for the night, when a messenger fetched it. The way I did make for the Grand Central Depot was a caution, an' I got there just in the nick of time, too."

"Well, I am glad you came, and glad to see you looking so well. Come, we will go in to breakfast."

They entered the elegant dining-room, and while they ate, Dick gave his young assistant an insight into the case he was working on.

"Your 'lay' in the matter will be to shadow a certain party whom you will be shown to-day," the detective announced. "Boston is a pretty crooked place to get around in, but I guess you will be equal to the emergency."

"I reckon. I kin generally find my way 'bout a pint, without askin' every policeman that I meet. Bet a marble 'g'in a mule I kin make my way around New York blindfolded."

"I am not prepared to doubt that. But New York and Boston are two entirely different places you must know."

"Huh! Beantown may be good enuff, but she can't hold a candle along New York. Where's her Statter of Liberty, an' where's her elevated roads, an' where's her boodle aldermen? I tell ye old Yorrick beats the world for commodities, hey?"

"Well, I guess you are not far from right, but the Hub can discount New York on pretty girls."

Thus chatting, they finished their breakfast, and then took a short walk about the neighborhood.

On their return, Dick found Silly Jake outside the hotel in waiting.

"Ah! you're punctual," was Dick's greeting, glancing at his watch. "Are you ready to help me hunt up Jack Brady and the Italian?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Then lead ahead, and we will

follow. If you see either of them, don't do anything to attract their attention, or let them know that we are looking for them."

"All right. I know enough for that, if I am a fool!" was the sharp reply and Silly Jake started off at a gait that forced his followers to exert themselves to keep up with him.

Down Tremont street they went, and in a short time turned into Federal street, and made their way along the water front.

Here Jake slackened his gait somewhat, and allowed Dick and Rats to come up to him.

"If they're down around here, we're liable to run ag'in 'em 'most any minute!" he announced. "You don't pay any attention to me, and I won't notice you."

"Very good. Go ahead!" Dick ordered.

Through the busy thoroughfare they strolled, leisurely, but Jake gave no intimation that he had seen anything of the men they were in quest of.

They were destined not to go far, however, without running foul of an adventure.

At a corner of the street was a lager beer saloon, and lounging about in front of it, was a group of young men, four in number, all of whom were flashily dressed, as most of the better class of corner loafers usually are.

Just as the trio were passing the corner, one of the loafers cried out:

"Hello! boys, there goes Glenroy's fool!"

At which the others roared with laughter.

The remark fired Deadwood Dick with indignation, in an instant, and stepping forward he confronted the speaker, with blazing eyes.

"What do you mean by grossly insulting that young man? Have you no sense of honor or shame in you?"

"What the deuce is the matter of you?" the other cried, bristling up, belligerently. "You'd better mind your own business, or you'll get your head punched. That fellow is my brother!"

"So much more the reason why you should be ashamed for insulting him!"

"Go to thunder! What's it your business? He's an idiot, an' you can't insult an idiot. If you take his part you're an idiot, too. So you'd better take a quiet sneak if you don't want a good licking!"

"I'm not one of the sneaking sort, and if you don't retract your insulting words, I'll teach you a lesson you won't soon forget!"

"I'll retract nothing!" was the retort. "If I can't do ye alone, my chum will help me, and don't you forget it!"

Dick did not doubt this, and he knew that if he attacked young Glenroy, there would be a general row, which would be undesirable, inasmuch as there were a couple of stalwart policemen standing on the neighboring corner; so he was forced to curb his anger, for the time being!

"Never mind; I'm not afraid of the four of you so far as that is concerned. But as I don't care to engage in a street brawl, with two policemen in sight, I'll let you off this time. But, remember; I'll meet you, yet, where there will be no danger of interference, and then, if you don't apologize to me and your brother I'll break your head for you!"

And Dick strode away.

"Coward! coward!" cried the gang on the corner.

But though he gritted his teeth with rage, he strode on, without looking around.

"If I get a chance, when the policemen are not about, I'll give him the worst thrashing he ever had in his life!" he muttered.

"What do you think of my brother?" Jake grinned, when Dick caught up to him and Rats.

"He's a loafer!" Dick replied, "and if I get a chance, when the cops ain't around, I'll fix him. I only wish I had him out West for about five minutes—that's what would amuse me."

"Better let Gil alone," Jake warned, advisingly. "He's a slugger, an' so's all them gillies that travels with him. More'n that, Gil carries 'em!"

"Humph! I wouldn't be afraid of a dozen like him," was Dick's contemptuous retort.

They continued a couple of blocks; then Jake motioned his companions to halt, which they did, while he went on a little further, and entered a beer saloon.

He was gone five minutes, when he came out again, motioned Dick and Rats to follow, and led them around the corner.

"He's in the saloon," Jake said. "You can go in and buy a glass of beer, and you will see him. You'll know him by the scar on his cheek. Ignatius is there, talking with him. I must leave yer, now, for I have a note to deliver."

"A note to deliver? Who gave it to you?"



Silly Jake scrutinized the directions on the envelope, before answering.

"Jack Brady give it to me," he said, "an' a dollar to deliver it!"

"Ha!" with a start. "Let me see it!" and Dick snatched it from Jake's hands.

"Oh! give it back! give it back!" Jake cried, in alarm. "Jack Brady would kill me if he knew that got out o' my hands!"

"Don't fret. You shall have it back, after I find out what it contains!" Dick coolly replied. "I think I've struck a lead."

The envelope was addressed thus:

"To Moses Mumb, Pawnbroker,

No — Hanover street,

Please give this to your tenant, Mrs. G."

Deadwood Dick gave a low whistle of astonishment.

"Hol! hol! I am pretty sure this is of interest to me!" he soliloquized, and deliberately tearing open the envelope, he extracted the note it contained, while poor Jake stood speechless with terror.

The letter ran in substance as follows:

"Mag:—I visited the horse, but it isn't dead, yet. I reckon it is about on its last legs, however. Will visit it again, to-night. Haven't found the other one yet.

Yours,

"JACK!"

Dick slowly folded the letter, a peculiar expression upon his handsome face. He did not speak his thoughts, however, but turned to Jake, and said:

"Come, I will inclose this in another envelope, direct it, and you can take it to its destination. No one will be the wiser that I opened it."

Jake looked greatly relieved.

They entered a neighboring stationery store, where Dick procured an envelope, and inclosed the letter in it. The directions were then added, in nearly the same handwriting as on the original envelope, which he had put in his pocket.

He then gave the letter to Silly Jake.

"There. You can go now," he said, "and when you have done your errand, come back to the vicinity of the Revere."

The young man eagerly seized the letter, and hurried away, while Dick and Rats made their way back toward the saloon, where Jake had seen Jack Brady.

"Well, what's the racket, boss?" Rats asked, as they sauntered along. "Any news?"

"I'm not sure, but I've an idea I have struck a lead that will pan out well," Dick replied. "I can tell better, when I've given the matter further investigation. As for you I've got your work mapped out. This man Brady, whom we will find in the saloon, is a hard character, and must be shadowed, and you're the very lad that can do it, to the Queen's own taste."

"Don't be too sure about that, boss. Ye know I ain't in N. Y."

"That makes no difference. Once you get your peepers on your man, you don't want to lose track of his movements. He's going somewhere to-night, to see a sick horse, and if we can find out where he goes, interesting developments are likely to follow!"

"Goin' to see a sick horse?" echoed Rats. "What the blazes has sick horses got ter do wi' your case?"

"A good deal, perhaps. The sick horse referred to in his letter, may mean a sick man—may mean Calvin Cool!"

"Dick, you're a daisy at surmisin' things!" Rats exclaimed admiringly. "I'll bet my shirt ag'in' a plate o' Boston beans you're right. Anyhow, if there are any sick horses to be interviewed, I shall be on hand about the same time Brady is."

They reached the saloon, by this time, and entering, approached the bar, and Dick ordered a beer for himself and a soda for Rats.

The saloon was a third-rate groggery, with a low ceiling, and was not remarkable, either for cleanliness or for its fragrant smell.

Behind the bar was a burly, red-headed Irishman.

Seated at a table were a couple of roughly-dressed, villainous-looking men, one a swarthy Italian, and the other evidently an Irish-American.

A glance at them convinced Dick that they were Jack Brady and his pal, Ignatius, for the Italian's companion had a livid, oblong scar upon the cheek.

"They're my men!" was Dick's decision. "Tough-looking customers, too. They'd make their mark out West, as Al ruffians."

Aloud, however, he said:

"Take something, gentlemen?"

The two men at the table looked somewhat surprised at this invitation, coming from a total

stranger. Both arose, however, and advanced to the bar.

"I'll take rum and molasses!" was Brady's choice.

"I take gin!" the Italian added.

The drinks were quickly forthcoming, and all drank.

"I dunno as I know who I have to be obliged to for the h'ist, stranger, but I'm obliged, all the same!" Brady said.

"Oh! that's all right, I guess, most likely, you've heard of me, tho' I'm never heard of doin' much good. I'm Sharkey Collins!"

Deadwood Dick, during his New York experience, had incidentally learned that 'Sharkey' Collins was a noted crook, and expert cracksmen.

Jack Brady stared when he heard the name.

"You don't say so?" he ejaculated. "Why, I've heard of you, lots of times, and am glad to meet you, for I used to know your brother Jim, before he got drowned. Shake, old boy!"

The detective and the crook clasped hands, and then Dick was introduced to Signor Ignatius Frizello.

"And so you're Sharkey Collins, eh? No one would take you for a crook. Ever been juggled?"

"No."

"Then, you're luckier than most of the boys. What are you doing here, in Boston?"

"Oh! scouting around, seeing how the land lays."

"Better be careful. The detectives and cops are getting mighty fly, of late!"

"Pooh! they're not fly enough for me. Well, I must be going. Hang around here much?"

"Yes, considerable. If you get hold of any snaps and need any help, let me know."

"All right; I will, and you do the same."

"I will."

Dick and Rats then left the saloon.

"That's your man, my boy, and don't you lose track of him till you find out where he goes, to-night!"

"I'll try not to, sir."

"Have you money enough for present needs?"

"Plenty."

"Well, then, good-by, and success to you. When you have any news of importance, come to the Revere," and shaking hands with his pard, the Wild West detective hurried away.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### THE DECOY LETTER—THE BREWING OF A STORM.

LEAVING Rats to watch the movements of Jack Brady, Dick hurried back up toward the business center of the city.

"I may be mistaken," he muttered, as he strode along, "but it struck me, in an instant, that the letter Brady addressed to Moses Mumb's tenant, Mrs. G., was for none other than Mrs. George Glenroy, and that the horse referred to was Calvin Cool, who was somewhere imprisoned. If the letter was for Mrs. Glenroy, she must be sojourning under the roof of Moses Mumb."

"In that event, what would it signify? Has the Jew proved a traitor and scoundrel, and taken advantage of the information he got from me to work a scheme of his own? Blamed if it don't look so. I'll mighty soon find out if Mag and Mrs. G. are my game."

He made his way direct to the Adams House, and entered the office, which, at the time, chanced to be pretty well deserted of the usual loungers, so that he had no difficulty in getting a word with the clerk.

"Is there a lady stopping here by the name of Mrs. Glenroy?" Dick asked.

"No, sir. She was stopping here, but left yesterday."

"Indeed? Do you know where she went?"

"I do not, sir."

"Think she left the city?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, sir."

"How did she leave here?"

"A man called for her, and she and her daughter went away with him. That's all I know about it, sir!"

"What kind of a looking man was he?" persisted Dick, who wanted to tease the clerk.

"I don't know anything about it," was the sharp retort, and Mr. Clerk turned haughtily away.

"But, hold on a minute!" cried Dick, reaching into his pocket and drawing out a half-dollar; "take this!"

The clerk stared.

"What do you mean?" he gasped.

"Why, take it. It's a tip! You want something to volunteer such elaborate information to an ordinary human being."

The Adonis of the hotel office glared at Dick, for a moment, through his gold-rimmed glasses, and then, with a muttered imprecation, turned to answer a bell-call, while Dick, with a tantalizing laugh, left the room.

Leisurely he made his way toward the Revere House, his mind busied in thought and surmise.

"That settles that much!" he mused. "Mrs. Glenroy has taken refuge under Moses Mumb's roof, and I can assign but one cause for it. She has heard of the arrival of Cora and myself, and, stricken with terror, has sought to hide herself from us, over the Jew's pawnbroker shop, thinking that would be about the last place she would be looked for."

"Of course she must have received her information from Mumb—who else could have warned her? And, that signifies that the Jew is working with her."

"Now, the question is, had I better go to the pawnbroker's, and make an open demand to see her, or accomplish my object, by strategy? In the first case it is probable I would be met with a blank refusal, and at the same time increase her desperation to escape from me!"

"No, that won't do. I must figure out some other way of getting an interview."

When he arrived at his hotel he found Silly Jake waiting close in the vicinity.

"Well, did you deliver your message?" Dick asked.

"Yes."

"Who did you give it to?"

"The bloke what keeps the pawnshop."

"What did he say?"

"He looked at the envelope, an' said, 'All right,' and then giving the letter to a young man, told him to take it up-stairs. I come away then."

"Well, all right. Come around here after dinner, and I shall likely have something else for you to do," Dick said, and entered the hotel.

He did not call upon Cora, as he had nothing of particular importance to tell her, but took a seat in the reading-room to deliberate over his next plan of action.

"I hardly know just where to begin," he mused. "I'd like to get Rats's report before I take any decisive steps. At the same time it is important that I should have an interview with Mrs. Glenroy as soon as possible. I might scare her into at least returning the jewels and what money she has left. Now, let me see."

He reflected a while longer, and then his face brightened.

"I have it!" he ejaculated, mentally. "I'll write her a letter, and appoint an interview."

To think, with Deadwood Dick, was to act.

Procuring writing materials, he seated himself at the center-table with which the reading-room was provided, but, before beginning the letter, he carefully studied the chirography on the torn envelope.

"I reckon I can imitate that well enough to bear inspection," he mused, "although I don't allow I was ever cut out for a forger."

He set to work accordingly, and in due time had a letter indited that Jack Brady would have decided was his own handwriting.

When finished the missive read as follows:

"December —, 18—.

"Mag:—Must see you on a matter of importance. Can't come near pawnshop. The detectives are watching me. Have been shadowed all day, but I don't know who by. Meet me on the Common to-night, at west end of lake. Night will be cold, so there'll be no one around there at ten o'clock. Will wear heavy false beard, big overcoat, plug hat. Don't fail. Look out for spies; the woods are full of 'em.

JACK."

"There, I reckon that ought to do!" Dick mused, regarding his work approvingly. "I don't think 'Mag' will recognize that that is not Jack Brady's handwriting."

He inclosed the letter in an envelope, and directed it in precisely the same way that Brady's letter had been.

He then had to wait for the arrival of Jake, as he desired him to take the missive as he had the first one.

Shortly after dinner the young man put in an appearance, and Dick dispatched him with the letter and necessary instructions to the pawnbroker's.

In due time Jake came back, and announced that the message had been delivered.

Dick then gave him money, and bade him linger around the vicinity of Mumb's place to see and hear what he could.

While, as for himself, the detective went up-stairs and had a chat with Miss Cora, giving such reassurance of probable success as he thought judicious.

The slightest news was welcome news to the



miner's daughter, and the hope of seeing her father again, alive, brightened her up greatly.

After a half-hour's chat, Deadwood Dick once more sought the street. He had nothing in particular to occupy his attention until night, but his ever restless spirit would not admit of his sitting still in the hotel, doing nothing. The day was clear, but cold and crisp.

During his wanderings he struck into the Common, and mechanically his footsteps took him to the spot where he was to meet Mrs. Glenroy.

It was a good place for a private interview, for, although there was a graveled walk in the vicinity, it was one of the least used on the Common; and as late as ten o'clock at night there was little likelihood of any one passing along it.

As Dick stood thoughtfully viewing the situation, he heard the sound of rapid footsteps, and turning, saw half a dozen well-dressed, tough-looking young men advancing toward him. They were headed by Gil Glenroy, and were the same gang who had that forenoon occupied the corner on Federal street.

There was a vengeful grin upon the face of young Glenroy that meant mischief.

"Aha! we've got you now!" he cried, "and you've got to prove whether you're any good or not. We boys of Boston don't allow a foreigner to come here, flaunting his colors around, unless he can fight. You allowed to-day you'd lay me out, if the police weren't around. Now's your chance. Every policeman of the Common is off to his dinner."

"I suppose you expect me to fight you all, eh?"

"You bet! And when we get through with you, the police won't know whether you're human or a lump of sausage-meat some one's lost!"

"Very well; so you say. But you'll discover your mistake. If you're looking for fight, sail right in with your white wings, and when the storm is over they will be kalsomined anarchy red!"

As he spoke, the detective's hands flew quickly to his hips, and the next instant a pair of self-cocking revolvers covered the gang of Boston toughs.

The gang stepped back in alarm.

"Say, that ain't fair!" young Glenroy cried. "We are men who ain't afraid to defend ourselves with our dukes, without resorting to firearms!"

"It is perfectly fair!" Dick cried grimly. "Six to one against me is not fair, but, these two brothers of mine, who never flinch in an hour of trouble, have come to my rescue. And now, gen's, if you want to try a bout with the three of us, why, come right along. The doors are open, and the tickets of admission are free."

The gang stared and exchanged glances.

What did this all mean?

Who was this cool, handsome, self-possessed individual who had suddenly burst in upon their vision, who seemed utterly fearless, and who dared defy the Puritanical laws of straight-laced Massachusetts by carrying concealed deadly weapons?

Gil Glenroy uttered an oath.

"Bah! you darsn't fight!" he cried sneeringly. "Mr. Glenroy, there is no such word as darsn't in the dictionary, but there is such a word as dare, and that is a favorite word of mine. Now, since you are spoiling for a little amusement, I'll tell you what I'll do: If your friends will agree to retire to the other side of the track, and swear not to interfere in any way in the set-to—for if they did I'd shoot them as I would a crow—I will meet you, right here, with bare fists, either for fun, love or money. I am not a professional fighter; I have no science, never having taken a lesson in my life in the art of self-defense, while, on the other hand, you have. I understand you are scioned in the business, and I presume you can knock me out. Still, to settle our little differences, we might as well have it out this way as any other."

"One word. How came you to know my name?"

"Your brother told me. But, I should have known you sooner or later, anyhow. Every chump is bound to gain a notoriety that is far more potent and effectual than a casual introduction!"

Glenroy grew fairly livid with rage.

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am a chump?" he cried furiously.

"Exactly!" Dick assured coolly. "You are a post-graduate from the chump school!"

A number of Glenroy's companions snickered at this, which but further served to increase Gil's rage.

"I'll be hanged if I'd stand that, Gilly!" de-

clared one of the party. "It's a dead insult. You've allus been spoutin' about what you could do, and who you could do, and now's your chance. Sail in an' show us what you can do. Ain't that the thing, boys?"

"Yes! yes!" was the general response. Glenroy saw that he had got himself into what might prove a bad fix, but, that he had grit was patent, when he turned to his pals:

"Very well. Get to the other side of the promenade, and under no circumstances mix up in the battle, no matter who gets the worst of it. Either I'll do up the puppy or he'll do me."

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### "DEADER THAN A DOOR NAIL!"

WITH these words, young Glenroy turned fiercely upon Deadwood Dick.

"Now, you cur, square yourself!" he cried, "and prepare to take the worst drubbing you ever got in your life. I'll learn you what it costs to insult a gentleman by calling him a chump."

"If you're a gentleman, I hope I may be buried ere my name is associated with that class of live stock!" Dick replied. "Are you ready?"

"Yes, I'm ready."

"Then let her go, Gallagher!" Dick cried. Glenroy did not hesitate, but with arms in pugilistic pose he advanced.

Deadwood Dick met him half way, and then, without another word, the battle began in dead earnest.

The place was pretty well locked in by shrubbery, and there was little danger that they would be seen from other parts of the Common, unless the fight was protracted.

After sparring for points for a full minute, Glenroy got in the first blow on Dick's cheek, whereat his companions applauded vigorously.

Their applause was cut short a moment later, however, when the iron fist of the young westerner dealt the young blood a terrific blow between the eyes that sent him reeling backward to the ground.

Glenroy had evidently been there before, however, for no sooner did he touch "grass" than he was upon his feet again.

He now took the aggressive, and began to force the fighting with a fury born of a desperate determination to have revenge, and Dick found it about all he could do to ward off the shower of blows hurled at him.

It was only at intervals that he could get in a stroke.

"I opine I've caught a Tartar!" he mused, and it truly looked as if he uttered the truth, for young Glenroy certainly handled himself with skill.

On waged the battle. Dick fought with a wariness not excelled by his opponent, for he had made a discovery that was not very pleasant.

Step by step he had been forced back to the very edge of the lake, and it was plainly young Glenroy's object to force him into the icy water.

But Dick had no idea of taking an open air bath on that freezing day.

And Glenroy evidently began to realize this fact, when a perfect tattoo of sledge-hammer blows poured in upon his neck and face, and the blood from a dozen cuts and bruises began to show only too plainly.

Dick, as yet, had not suffered an abrasion of the skin.

At last, with a master swinging stroke, Dick's terrible left caught his adversary under the right jaw, lifted him clear off his feet, and stretched him out once more upon the sward.

This time Glenroy was not in so much of a hurry to get up, as when the first knock-down occurred; but, that did not matter in the least. Dick was perfectly willing to assist him, and pouncing upon the hapless gentleman's son, the detective seized him as though he were but a child, and raising him bodily, held him above his head.

The next instant poor Glenroy shot forward, like a catapult through the air, and plunged downward head-foremost into the icy waters of the lake.

Without waiting for after results, Dick coolly put on his hat and sauntered away, leaving Glenroy's companions to go to his rescue.

"I reckon the North Pole bath will cool off his fighting ardor," the conqueror muttered, as he made his way back toward the hotel. "It was kind of mean to give him the ducking, but, it was tit for tat, for he was trying to back me into the lake, and I had a mighty hard time preventing him from doing it."

It was a long day to the detective, and he was truly grateful for the shadows of night.

Just at dark a snow-storm set in, accom-

panied by a brisk wind, and the falling flakes being light, a modified blizzard reigned supreme.

"This is as it should be," Dick mused, as he stood looking out of the reading-room window. "There will be few people on the Common to-night, so the danger of interruption will be lessened. But, will Mrs. Glenroy come out in such a storm? Of course she will. Standing in mortal fear of what may happen, she will be eager to learn what news Brady has for her."

The storm had not abated in the least, when a trifle after nine o'clock Dick left the hotel, well bundled up, and made his way toward the Common.

The wind was now blowing a gale, and swept the snow through the streets in blinding gusts, and few pedestrians were abroad.

Entering the Common, Dick made his way direct to the west end of the little lake, and devoted a few minutes to reconnoitering, to discover that there was not a soul in the neighborhood except himself.

The gas-lamp a short distance away gave but a faint illumination to the surroundings.

It was exactly ten o'clock when Dick heard the crunch of footsteps in the snow, and distinguished a heavily-cloaked woman approaching.

She walked swiftly, and soon was close at hand.

"Is that you, Jack?" she asked, lifting her veil, and exposing her face.

"Of course it is!" Dick replied, in a gruff voice. "I've come afoot!"

"No; I hired a cab, which is waiting beyond the Common. How funny you look in them false whiskers and that plug hat, Jack!"

"Do I? Well, I suppose it is because you never see me look like a gentleman before."

"What's the matter, Jack? Why did you send for me?"

"There's enough the matter!" the pseudo Jack Brady growled. "Calvin Cool has escaped!"

"Good heavens!"

"Yes. I was there again, having left my gloves there, and found that he had got out—taken French leave."

"Why, how could he have got out? The cellar was very deep, and there was no way of exit except by the trap-door overhead."

"Don't know how he got out, I'm sure; but he's out, and gone. And the deuce will be to pay now!"

"Curse the luck!" Mrs. Glenroy hissed. "You are right; the deuce will be to pay. He must have been so weak that he could not have gone far. Did you search the neighborhood?"

"No, for I was in danger there."

"True. You were right. Well, one thing is certain: I must get out of the city. Do you know where George Glenroy's steam-launch is tied up?"

"No."

"Well, never mind. Come to me at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and I will have all my plans for the future made up. I must go now."

"Not yet, madam!" Dick said, in his natural voice. "I have a warrant for your arrest, and you will have to accompany me to the station-house!"

"Unhand me, villain!" she screamed. "Let go my wrist, or I will call for help!"

"Call a much as you please, madam. You are my prisoner, and must go with me!" Dick replied, endeavoring to get hold of her other wrist so as to handcuff her.

But she struggled so desperately that she completely baffled his purpose, and her voice rung out sharply:

"Help! help!"

This so infuriated Dick that he grasped her by the throat, and would undoubtedly have shut off her breath had not an interruption occurred.

This interruption came in the shape of Dick's receiving a terrific blow alongside the head, that laid him out insensible on the snow-covered ground.

The person who had struck the blow had used a club, and evidently had been concealed in a clump of bushes near at hand.

He was none other than Gil Glenroy, with one eye blackened and his face patched up with court-plaster.

Mrs. Glenroy, however, recognized him in an instant.

"Good heavens, Gilbert!" she ejaculated; "is that you?"

"I reckon it is," was the reply.

"But what brought you here at such an opportune moment?"

"I followed this chap here to lay him out for



the lickin' he gave me to-day, and I shouldn't wonder if I've killed him. I hit him hard enough, anyhow!"

"I hope you have!" Mrs. Glenroy declared, venomously. "He is a detective, who lured me here to arrest me!"

Young Glenroy knelt beside the fallen detective a moment, and then arose hastily to his feet.

"He's deader 'n a door-nail!" he gasped, hoarsely.

Just then, some one was heard approaching, whistling a snatch of opera.

"Come! we must run for it!" Glenroy said, seizing his step-mother by the arm.

And run they did for dear life, and were soon in a cab, being driven rapidly away.

## CHAPTER X.

### RATS UNEARTH A CLEW.

BUT Gilbert Glenroy had erred.

Deadwood Dick was not killed by that terrific blow, though it is a wonder of wonders he was not, for the blow was heavy enough to have felled an ox.

When he awoke to consciousness, he found himself not in the snow upon the bleak common, but on a cot-bed, in a large and comfortably-heated room of what he judged was a police-station, because the windows were protected by iron bars.

Raising himself to a sitting posture, he was taking in the situation, when the door opened, and two men entered.

One was the police-captain, a cheerful-looking man, while the other, judging from the box he carried, was a surgeon, attached to the department.

"Ah! Doctor, he's come to," the captain said. "Well, young man, how do you think you feel?"

"Rather headstrong!" Dick smiled, feeling of the big lump on the side of his cranium. "Rather strikes me I'll have to wear a bigger hat for a while!"

"Well, you're a cool one, I'll swear!" the officer ejaculated. "Do you know where you were when Patrolman Lynch found you?"

"Yes, I reckon I ought to, since I was there before I lost my senses. I was on the Common."

"Exactly. How came you by the blow on your head?"

"Some one belted me with a club, or some other like instrument. I was standing at the west end of the little lake, talking with a lady, when I got the blow, and know no more."

"Do you know who struck you?"

"I do not."

"What is your name?"

"Richard Bristol."

"Mr. Bristol, I am surprised to learn by the badge you wear that you are a United States detective."

"Yes, sir. That's about the size of it."

"Where do you reside?"

"Oh! 'most anywhere beyond the Missouri—here, there, and everywhere, according to where my profession calls me."

"I understand. What brings you to Boston?"

"I am after a combined thief and bigamist. It was that which took me to the Common. I had succeeded in bringing her there by a decoy letter, and was in the act of arresting her, when I got this belt on the head!"

"Ah! it's a woman, is it?"

"Yes."

"What's her name?"

"Captain, you will have to excuse me from answering that question," Dick replied. "Until the woman is captured, I propose to withhold her name."

"Oh! all right. Perhaps I was letting my curiosity get the better of my judgment. Well, you can rest here until morning, if you like, and by that time I dare say you will feel in better trim."

"Oh! I'm all right now," Dick replied, "except my head aches as though I had been out to a champagne supper. I'll go over to my hotel, I guess, as there will be a party waiting there for me! What time is it?"

"Just twelve o'clock. Shall I order a cab for you?"

"Yes, I don't care if you do!" Dick replied, rising to his feet.

Although a little dizzy, at first, he soon found that he could walk all right.

"Oh! you're better than half a dozen dead men, yet," the captain said, helping him on with his overcoat. "Here's your hat. See how it fits you."

But, the hat didn't fit at all! The great bump

on the side of the head made it entirely too small.

The only way Dick could wear the covering at all was tipped over on the side of the head, so that it protected the swelling, but it made him look so rowdyish and ludicrous that the police captain and the doctor had a hearty laugh.

"Well, you're about the toughest-looking customer I've seen in a long time!" the captain said. "You better not let any of the cops get on to you, or they'll pull you in for a tough!"

They then adjourned to the main office of the station. The captain rung for a cap, and, a few minutes later, Dick was being whirled away toward the Revere House, which was soon reached.

Paying the cabby, Dick entered the hotel office, and, much to his mortification, saw that his rowdyish appearance attracted immediate attention—even the night clerk staring at him, in curiosity.

Fortunately, Rats had returned, and was lounging upon one of the office settees, so that Dick had an opportunity, in a measure, to hide his embarrassment.

Even Rats snickered outright at Dick's comical appearance.

"My eyes! but ain't you tough!" he ejaculated. "Say, is that the latest style, here in Boston? If it is, I want to know it, so I kin conform with the fashion. Notbin' slow about me, an' I allers want to be up to their times!"

"Oh, dry up!" Dick commanded, seating himself, and removing his hat.

"Phew!" the boy exclaimed, when he saw the swelling. "How'd ye git that? Been playing bunkie-bunk with a William goat?"

"Nonsense!"

"Then some copper clubbed you?"

"Nothing of the sort. I got hit on the Common."

"Got hit on the common? Jemminy! ye don't call that cocoanut o' yourn common, do you? Humph! nothin' very common about that pate!"

"You don't understand. There's a park here called the Common, and I was assaulted there. But, of that, more anon. Tell me all about how you made out."

"Well, I had some luck, but et purty nigh tuckered me out to get it. After you left me I hung around 'til Brady came out the saloon, an' then, I dogged his foot-steps, an' bung to him, all day, like grim death to a pigger. If he didn't lead me a chase, I hope Brady never ockep the Presidential chair."

"Well, sir, ef that chap took one drink in every saloon he visited, and I reckon he did, he must o' got outside o' ten gallons o' stuff, at the least."

"Finally I lost track o' him, an' clean discouraged and tired out, I started for here, but, I hadn't gone more'n two blocks, when I run plum onto him, an' you kin bet I was s'prized."

He had a boss and carriage, and had just stopped before a house in Temple street. He had got out of the carriage, and, as I came along, he sized me up, from head to foot.

"Hello! bub," he said, "hain't I seen you before?"

"I dunno," I replied. "Mebbe."

"Weren't you w' Sharkey Collins, down on Federal street, to-day?" he asked.

"I was, that," I replied.

"Travel with Sharkey, eh?" he asked.

"You bet," was my reply.

"Well, he's a good feller to tie to," he said. "D'ye live here in Boston?"

"I told him I did, and then he asked me to watch his horse for a few minutes, to which I consented. He entered the house, and was gone about ten minutes. Then, he came out an' got into the carriage, and asked me if I didn't want to take a ride. I asked him, innocent like, which way he was going. He said out Beacon street, near the Chestnut Hill Reservoir."

"Why, golly," said I, "my dad lives out that way, beyond the reservoir, an' I'll be glad to git a ride." That was a whoppin' lie, wasn't it? But, I was fishin' fer p'int, just then.

"So I got into the carriage, an' he driv' off like Old Nick, his boss bein' a mighty good traveler."

"Well, there wasn't much said, during the trip, and after what seemed a good many miles we'd traveled, he drew rein by the roadside, and jumped out."

"You stay here, and mind the horse 'til I come back, an' I'll give you a dollar," he said, and of course I accepted.

"We had stopped in front of a big field, on which there was but one buildin', what looked like an old tumble-down farm-house, and stood a good ways back from the street. It wasn't quite dark yet, but Brady took a lantern from the

carriage, an' then, climbin' over the fence, he made off for the farm-house."

"It begun to snow an' blow, just then, and I soon lost sight o' my man."

"Before I met Brady, not knowin' what might turn up, I had bought me a dark lantern, and hid it in my overcoat pocket. I now gits this out, lights it, and put it back in my pocket again. It got to feelin' kind o' warmish there, but it felt good just the same, for it was colder'n blue blazes, outside."

"Well, after about twenty minutes, Brady come back, and he appeared to be a good bit excited. He got inter the carriage, and I got out, sayin' I must hurry home, 'fore I got snowed in. He give me a dollar, turned the rig around, an' drove back toward the city."

"Well, what did you do?" Dick asked eagerly.

"What did I do? Well, I waited 'til I was satisfied that Brady was really on his way back to town; then I climbed the fence and made for the old house in the field. I felt kinder shaky about goin' there, 'cause it were a purty spookish lookin' place, but I knew you wanted to get all the fac's of the case, so I scraped together all the courage I could get hold of, and gettin' my revolver ready for exercise, sailed ahead."

"Lordy! how the wind blowed across that field! It shrieked an' groaned like a cathedralful o' de'd speerits what hed been left out in the cold. And the snow was blindin'."

"Tell you, boss, the nearer I got to that shebang, the more shiverish I felt, but I sot my teeth together, an' finally got thar. The door was wide open, the winders was smashed, an' I seed no one didn't live there."

"Well, I took the cap off'n my lantern, an' let on the glim, an' begun ter investigate. I went thru' every room in the place, but all I found was dust an' cobwebs. The last thing I did, was to lift a trap-door, an' look down inter a mighty deep cellar, but there was nothin' there, 'cept a lot o' rats, some o' 'em as big as a kitten. They skeedaddled, when they seed the light."

"Well, I didn't see as there was any more investigatin' to be done, an' was about to come away, when I found this 'ere dockymint pinned to the inside o' the door. Guess Brady mustn't 'a' seen it."

Rats then gave Dick a light-brown piece of wrapping paper, upon which was scrawled the following:

"December, 1."

"I have just escaped from the dank reeking vault under this place, where for weeks, I have been a prisoner. I was cast into this pit, at the instance of my former traitress wife, now known as Mrs. George Glenroy of Boston, and left to die by inches, of starvation. I have suffered the tortures of the damned. My only company has been the huge rats that infest the place. I fortunately had my sheath knife left me, and with this have obtained my food. For weeks I have subsisted on raw rat flesh and blood!"

"Thank God, I am at last free! And, now, for vengeance!"

CALVIN COOL."

## CHAPTER XI.

### PLANNING TO ESCAPE.

ACCOMPANIED by Gilbert Glenroy, Mrs. Glenroy was driven rapidly home—or, at least, to her apartment over the pawnshop, if that could be designated as home.

Neither of the two spoke, until they were safe within Mrs. Glenroy's little parlor.

Mrs. Glenroy was very pale and nervous, and what part of her step-son's face was not covered with court-plaster was also noticeable for its pallor.

Gertrude had long since gone to bed, so Mrs. Glenroy and Gil were free to speak.

"Do you think you really killed him?" the woman asked, as the two became seated upon a sofa which stood across one end of the room.

"Yes, there's no doubt of it," Gil replied, "and my 'cursed temper has got me into a deuce of a scrape. I shall have to get out of Boston, that's sure. I wish I hadn't struck the blow, now!"

"Pshaw! don't be so chicken-hearted. Nobody knows that you struck the blow. How came you to have a grudge against the man?"

"Oh! we had a scrap on the Common, during the afternoon, and the fellow did me up to the queen's taste, and tossed me into the lake. One of my pals followed him, and when he entered the Common, to-night, in disguise, I was on hand, prepared to lay him out, which I did. Did you know him?"

"Only as one of several detectives who are seeking to arrest me for something that occurred in the past, before I married your father. But, curse them, they will never take me alive."



I, too, must leave Boston, for it is worth my life and liberty to remain here, longer. You shall go with me, Gilbert, and together we ought to be able to outwit these bloodhounds of the law. I wish Jack were here."

The old saying, that the devil's always around, when you're talking about him, had its exemplification, in this instance, for there came a resounding knock upon the door.

Mrs. Glenroy hastened to open the door, and Jack Brady, covered with snow, entered.

He looked ugly enough to eat some one, which was, perhaps, owing to the fact that he was nearly frozen, from exposure to the raging elements of the now bitter night.

"Why, Jack, is it you?" Mrs. Brady exclaimed.

"Yes, it's me; what of me ain't froze stiffer than an iceberg," he growled.

"Where have you been at this late hour?"

"Out to see that caged pet of yours," was the savage response.

"Well, what is the result?"

"A discovery you won't appreciate, I fancy. The bird has flown!"

"What?" And Mrs. Glenroy sunk back on the sofa, trembling with terror.

"As I tell you, he has escaped. I went to the old farm-house, to make sure all was right, and he was gone!"

"Then the detective was right," the guilty woman moaned.

"What detective—what do you mean?" Jack demanded, curiously.

In reply, Mrs. Glenroy explained how she had received the decoy letter, and then related her experience on the Common.

"So-ho! That's the way of it, eh?" Brady observed. "Well, then, that may account for how the old man made his escape. Are you sure you killed the fellow, Gil?"

"Yes. He was dead, for I placed my hand over his heart, and its beating had stopped."

"Well, it won't make much difference about one man, for, unless I'm greatly mistaken, there are half a dozen working on the case. You say one of your chums followed him? Where did he go to?"

"To the Revere House."

"It's my opinion the fellow was Richard Bristol, the detective," Mrs. Glenroy said. "If so, my daughter Cora is most likely at the Revere House also."

"I suppose you'll go and pay her a call?" Jack suggested, with a sneer.

"Well, no, I guess not," Mrs. Glenroy replied. "I fancy I'd hardly meet with a pleasant reception. Cora was always like the old man, anyhow."

There was a brief silence, and then Brady looked up quickly.

"Oh! I have forgotten something," he said, taking a paper from his pocket and handing it to his sister. "I found that on top of the trap-door in the floor of the old farm-house. Read it!"

Mrs. Glenroy did so, the look of abject terror returning to her features.

No need to repeat what the paper contained, for the message was the same as that of the document Rats had delivered to Deadwood Dick.

When she had finished the perusal, the worldly woman sunk back faint.

"Yes, he's free, and will strike for vengeance," she gasped. "He will never leave the trail until his revenge is accomplished. Oh, Jack! Jack! what is to be done?"

The woman's terror was pitiable.

"There's only one thing to be done!" Jack replied. "We're in a devilish bad hole, and the only thing for us to do is to get out of Boston, and as far away from it as possible. If we don't, aided and abetted by the detectives, Cool will make it mighty hot for us!"

"I know it! I know it! I've no doubt that at this minute every railway station in Boston is watched, to guard against our departure. Even this place is doubtless under close surveillance, since the detective knew I was quartered here, or he would not have sent the decoy letter!"

Jack Brady nodded his head, grimly.

He had been more or less a criminal all his life, but had always succeeded in avoiding imprisonment. He was well aware, however, that the police were patiently biding their time until they could get a case against him, strong enough to send him to State's Prison.

At heart he was an arrant coward, and to him the word prison was a synonym of terror.

"Yes, I shouldn't wonder if you are right," he growled. "I feel it in my bones that we are in a cursed bad fix. Still, I hardly believe there are enough of these detectives to guard every

avenue of exit. There are steamers running daily from here to Portland. If we could strike there, and get into Canada, we could laugh at our enemies."

"True, I had not thought of that. But will not the outgoing steamers be watched?"

"I hardly think so, and, yet, there is no telling. If Calvin Cool was released by the detectives, and they are working hand in hand, it is morally sure they will leave no stone unturned to secure our capture."

"Now, look here, Mag. Business is business. If we get you and ourselves out of this scrape, have you got money enough to see us through, regardless of what the expense may be?"

"Yes. I have enough, I guess. I've made a snug sum the past year in stock speculation."

"Very well. An idea has just struck me. Your husband, George Glenroy, has a small steam launch, has he not?"

"Yes."

"Now, why couldn't we make our escape in that as far as Portland?"

"I have already thought of that, but it is out of the question. You know George and I are parted, and he wouldn't let me have his launch, as he calls it, under any consideration."

"But, can't we somehow fix it so as to get possession of the little craft without his knowledge?"

"I reckon maybe I can fix it!" Gil spoke up, "for I'm as anxious to get out of Boston as either of you. After killing the detective, I'd never know a minute's rest, in this place, for fear of being run in on the charge of murder."

"Well, go ahead!" Jack Brady urged, eagerly.

"Let's hear all about it."

Glenroy went on:

"The old man ain't in the city. He started for New York this morning on business of some sort. I don't know just exactly what."

"Where is the launch?"

"Lying at her dock, near the Charleston Navy Yard, unless she's shifted quarters within a few days."

"Who's on board her?"

"Only the captain, Mose Gunner, and the engineer, and the nigger cook. They stay aboard her, 'til she's tied up for winter quarters."

"Then she has no crew?"

"No. Dad discharged 'em all in October. Don't need much of a crew to run up to Portland if the weather tempers down, and I guess it will by morning."

"But do you think you can get the boat?"

"Shouldn't wonder. Dad told old Mose the other day, that any time I wanted to take a trip, and brought a written order from him, it would be all right."

"By Jove! then we're all hunki-dori!" Brady declared. "But we can't get away to-night."

"Certainly not. It will take the better part of to-morrow to get things in ship-shape for the trip. Coal and provisions will have to be laid in, and a few men shipped, for there's no telling what kind of weather we may encounter, and the Emily is a headstrong craft to handle, in a rough sea."

"When do you think you can have her ready for a start?"

"By to-morrow, sunset; but then, I don't know as old Mose would pull out at night—most likely not. But we could all go aboard under cover of darkness, and be ready for a start at break of day."

"Dear me! it's a terrible long time to wait," Mrs. Glenroy said, nervously. "We may all be put under arrest before that time."

"Oh! I guess not. You can instruct the Jew to say you have moved away, and not to admit any one but us."

"But Gilbert, you have not got the necessary order from your father."

Gilbert smiled.

"That don't matter," was the cool reply. "I can manufacture one. I have got some of dad's private letter-heads, which he uses only when he makes out special orders, and I can counterfeit his handwriting so that he would not know it from his own."

"Ah! then we are all right," Jack said, evidently relieved of a great deal of anxiety. "You will see to it, to-morrow, that everything is got in readiness?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I'll keep an eye out around this neighborhood, and see that Mag is not molested."

"I shall have to have money to stock up the yacht with," Gil reminded. "We'll need plenty of coal and provisions."

"You shall have that," Mrs. Glenroy said, taking a well-filled purse from her pocket.

"Will a hundred dollars do?"

"Yes, that will be plenty, I reckon. I'll go

over to Charlestown, the first thing in the morning, and have her run up to Tudor's wharf, for coal, and let her stay there. I guess I won't have much trouble getting things together."

"Well, go ahead, and be sure you get men whom you can trust, and who know how to handle the boat in any kind of weather," Mrs. Glenroy advised. "If you run across a neat-looking colored boy, engage him, as I and Gerty may need some one to wait upon us."

Gilbert promised to do so, and then he and Brady took their departure.

Locking the door after them, and turning down the light in the parlor, Mrs. Glenroy sought an adjoining sleeping apartment, and retired for the night.

It was not until full a half-hour afterward, that the dusky figure of a man emerged from behind the sofa, where he had been concealed!

Stealing to the rear end of the room, he softly raised a window, and stepped out upon the roof of an extension of the building, from whence it was an easy matter to drop to the ground, and in a couple of minutes the eavesdropper, who was none other than Silly Jake, had vanished in the swirling blizzard!

## CHAPTER XII.

### DEADWOOD DICK PLAYS IT CUNNING.

It was the morning after the occurrence of the events last narrated. The storm abated, and the sun shone down upon the snow-covered earth, with almost spring-like warmth.

People who had been eagerly forming pleasant anticipations of the first sleigh-ride of the season were doomed to disappointment, for the snow began to melt rapidly, and "Old Probs" prophesied a spell of pleasant weather.

Three persons sat in the reading-room of the Revere House, engaged in conversation, at an early hour of the morning.

They were Deadwood Dick, Silly Jake, and Rats, the boy sleuth.

Silly Jake had just been recounting his eaves-dropping experience, to his two companions, giving in detail all that he had overheard.

"Jake, you're a trump!" Dick asserted, heartily, "and both you and Rats deserve the warmest praise. You two have done more toward bringing matters to a focus than I have, myself, and I thank you for it. It but remains for me to sail in, and handle the 'round-up,' as they say out West."

"Are you goin' to make any arrests before the boat leaves?" Rats asked.

"No, I think not. I prefer to make the arrests on board the launch, just before we reach Portland. It can be done much more easily than here. I shall notify the chief of police that we are coming, and he will have officers on hand to take the prisoners into custody."

"Do you expect to go along on the yacht?"

"Yes—as a sailor, but in disguise. I shall try and work you in, too!"

"How about me?" asked Silly Jake. "I know the Emily from stem to stern."

"I guess we shall have to leave you behind," Dick replied. "It would be next to impossible to so disguise you that your step-mother would not recognize you, and, of course, if you were recognized, my plans would be all knocked in the head. No, Jake, you must remain behind; but, before we go, you shall receive a substantial reward for your services. You and Rats can remain around the hotel and amuse yourselves as you like until my return."

The detective then donned his overcoat and left, directing his footsteps toward Mose Mumb's pawnshop, in Hanover street.

Not that he intended to visit the establishment, but he wanted to see if anything unusual was going on there.

He kept on the opposite side of the street from the shop, and, as he approached it, surveyed the second story searchingly.

He had expected to see Mrs. Glenroy or her daughter sitting at the window, but they were not there.

"Humph! they're keeping themselves out of sight pretty well. Well, let them. I shall nab them, all the same, but prefer to do it in Portland, as they will have no opportunity to get bail there, which they could perhaps do in Boston. Mrs. Glenroy has money, and could purchase straw-bail here."

"Let me see: Before it is too late, to day, I must get out a warrant for the arrest of Gil Glenroy for forgery and grand larceny, and one each for Mrs. Glenroy and Brady for kidnapping, with intent to murder. These, with my Western warrants, which Miss Cora gave me, will cover the whole bill."

Thus musing, Dick was about to leave the vicinity, when he felt a hand drop on his shoul-



der, and, wheeling around, found himself face to face with Jack Brady.

"Hello, Sharkey, old stockings!" the tough saluted. "How is things?"

"Purty cussed blue!" Dick replied. "Hain't seen a chance to make a red yet, though I've been all over town. If things don't pony up better'n this pretty soon, I shall have to utilize shank's mare and strike out for better pastures. I know of a fat thing up in Maine—good for a couple o' thousan—but I've kinder held that back in reserve, as I wanted to get in a few licks at Boston first. No show though, I guess."

"Darned little. What part o' Maine is this lay-out?" Brady asked.

"Bout six miles from Portland."

"You don't say?"

"Yes. Pussy Jim put me onto it. There's an old farmer out there who don't believe in banks, and he's got a barrel o' money hid away in the house. Here's what's goin' to have a sample of it before a week goes by. I'd go there at once, only I dassn't go to Portland except in disguise, and I ain't got the boodle to tog myself out with."

Brady's eyes sparkled.

"Say, ye wouldn't take a feller in on that snap, would ye?" he asked.

"I dunno but I would," Dick replied. "I dunno but what I would, providing—"

"Providing what?"

"Providing he'd be willing to take a third for his share."

"Then I'm yer man!" Brady declared, with enthusiasm. "I can get ye through to Portland scot free, and I'll lend you money enough to disguise yourself to the queen's taste. What d'ye say?"

"It's a go!" Dick declared, apparently delighted. "But how are we goin' to reach Portland?"

"Well, I'll tell you. There's a private steam-tug leaves her to-night or to-morrow morning for Portland, to carry a lady and gentleman there. It's a private boat, but they haven't got their crew together yet, and I reckon I can work you in. Do you know anything about a boat?"

"No; I couldn't tell a marlinespike from a jib-boom."

"Oh, well, I'll fix it with the captain, so you won't have much of anything to do. There's little to do, anyhow. You go to a costumer's, and fix yourself up as a sailor, and come back here, and we'll go down to the tug."

"All right. But how 'bout my apprentice?"

"Oh, yes; I'd forgot him. Say, that's a mighty smart kid you've got, and he'll make his mark in the profess, take my word for it. I had him out riding, last night. Did he tell you 'bout it?"

"No."

"Hal hal! He's a close-mouthed young rabbit, eh? Well, that's a good trait, I'll be bound! Now, let me see what I can do for him. Ah, I have it! The lady who owns the boat wants a neat ducky lad to wait on her. Couldn't you blacken the kid up with grease paint so he'd answer?"

"Yes, it's a capital idea; I'll attend to it."

"All right. Here's twenty-five dollars to rig you out. How long will it take you?"

"I'll be back here by two o'clock," Dick said, glancing at his watch.

"All right. In the mean time I'll run down to the boat and secure positions for you both. Be sure and be here at two o'clock."

"I will be on hand promptly," Dick replied.

"The two separated, Dick going toward the hotel, while Brady set out for Charlestown."

"By Jove! I'm in luck!" the latter said, chuckling softly to himself. "That Sharkey Collins is one o' the flyest crooks in the biz, and a rattlin' good feller to tie to. We'll make a strong team travelin' together, you bet! We'll not only scoop in the old farmer's boodle, but, just before we get to Portland, we'll relieve Sister Mag of her money and that boodle of diamonds of hers."

"Hal hal! Jack Brady, you're as smart as they find 'em, of your Adonis-like beauty ain't only skin deep."

And thus musing, the villain hurried on.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### FOUND AT LAST.

If Jack Brady was elate at the prospect of going into partnership with Sharkey Collins, our Wild West detective was likewise elate over the opportunity afforded him to go to Portland. "Things are working immense!" he mused, as he took his way leisurely toward the Revere

House. "If I am not recognized by that puppy Gil, all will be O. K. One thing is certain. Before the Emily touches dock at Portland, I intend to have possession of those diamonds that Mrs. Glenroy stole from Calvin Cool."

Instead of going direct to the hotel, he changed his mind and went to a police court, where he swore out the warrants.

With these Dick returned to the hotel, and went up to Cora's room.

His knock was answered by the pretty young lady in person, who invited him to come in.

On entering the room, however, Dick was treated to a surprise. Another young lady was present besides Cora—a rather pretty girl, of about Cora's age.

She was a brunette, however, where Cora was a blonde; her beauty was of the haughty, statuesque order, where Cora's was like to a dream of mellow sunlight.

"Mr. Bristol, this is my sister Gertie," Cora said. "Gertie, Mr. Bristol, my detective—hal! ha! the idea of my having the presumption of calling you my detective, Mr. Bristol! Ain't I just awful!"

"Why, you are perfectly right," Dick returned, with a smile, after acknowledging the introduction. "I am your detective, am I not, or, at least, I am an apology for one!"

"And, oh! I've such news, Mr. Bristol! Gertie has left my horrid old mother, and we are going to live together, and be sisters again, just as we used to be!"

"Yes, it is true!" Miss Gertrude said, noting the detective's look of surprise. "I have left my mother, for good, thoroughly ashamed of and disgusted with her. Not until last night did I suspect that she was the wicked woman she is, although I knew she robbed papa, when she forced me to accompany her East. I was not aware even of that fact until we reached New York. Then I was powerless to return home. Last night, however, I learned, to my horror, that my mother had conspired to murder my poor father by imprisoning him in some lonely place, and leaving him to die of starvation."

"The shock was awful, and learning where I was likely to find my sister, I quietly left my wicked mother this morning and came here to join Cora, and we shall never be separated again."

"And in doing this you have proven your good sense!" Dick said, accepting the chair Cora had placed for him. "Did you tell Mrs. Glenroy where you were going?"

"No."

"From what you have said, I infer that you overheard the interview between Mrs. Glenroy, her step-son, Gil, and Jack Brady, last night?"

"I did. But, how do you come to know about it?" Gertie demanded, in surprise.

"Oh! we detectives have ways of finding out those little things, you know!" Dick answered, with a smile. "I know as much about what transpired at that interview as you do yourself."

"You were playing spy, then?"

"Not individually, but some one else was."

"You are informed, then, that my mother is about to leave town, to avoid arrest?"

"Yes, and the same craft that takes her to Portland takes me also. It was to tell Miss Cora this that brought me here. I shall go in the disguise of a sailor."

"Why not arrest her here?" Cora asked.

"I have two very good reasons for not doing so. One is this: If arrested in Portland, it will be next to impossible for her to get bail. This will secure her incarceration and give me a chance to hunt up Mr. Cool, who no doubt will be glad to testify against her."

"It is true, then, that papa has escaped from the place where she had him imprisoned?"

"Yes. But what has become of him I have not yet found out. The second reason for not wishing to arrest Mrs. Glenroy in Boston is that I intend to get the diamonds away from her before we get to Portland, and will have a better chance while we are on board the launch than though we were on the land."

"Oh! I do so hope you can get us the diamonds, even if you can recover no money," Cora said. "Poor papa, he always thought so much of them."

"What are we to do during your absence, Mr. Bristol?" Gertie asked.

"Well, that's optional with you," Dick replied. "The trial of Mrs. Glenroy will doubtless take place at Portland, if Mr. Cool can be found, and I should advise that you go there at once, and put up at the Falmouth House. There is a train leaves here at ten o'clock, which will give you an hour to get ready."

"Very well; we will go," Gertie decided.

"All right. I will call for you in an hour, and see you safely off."

Dick left the girls to prepare for the journey, and went down to the hotel office, where he found Rats waiting for him.

As briefly as possible, he outlined the work ahead to his young apprentice.

"And now, Rats," he said, "do you think yourself equal to the emergency of playing off dinky, providing you're fixed up right?"

"Oh, you kin bet I can! Us kids uster have a juvenile minstrel show, down in the cellar in under Mike Kelly's grocery store in Baxter street, an' I uster carry off all the bouquets, you bet! Never fear for me! I wasn't brought up for nothin', nohow. I kin do a turn any where from a Mott street Chinaman to a maccaroni Italian—from an Irish hod-carrier to a tar-beeled coon. Oh, you bet there ain't nothin' slow about me!"

"Very well. I'll fix you up after a while."

At the expiration of an hour, Deadwood Dick ascended once more to the room occupied by the sisters, and found them all in readiness for their journey.

Accordingly a hack was ordered, and the trio were driven to the Boston and Maine depot.

They were early, and were obliged to wait for the train to be made up, so they sauntered about the waiting-room.

It was while they were doing this that Deadwood Dick became inspired with a feeling that they were watched.

Gradually allowing his gaze to wander about, he was not long in confirming his suspicion.

Upon one of the seats in the waiting-room sat an old man, with a huge bunch on his back.

If his hair was any criterion, he was past sixty years of age, for his hair, worn long, was as white as driven snow. Hard at contrast with this was the huge, raven-black beard and mustache he wore, which covered the greater portion of his face.

What of his face was visible was almost corpse-like in its pallor, while eyes, sunken in their sockets, glowed like balls of fire.

He was a large-framed man, but was very poor in flesh, his garments hanging about him loosely.

He carried a stout hickory stick, nearly as tall as himself, which he evidently used to assist in walking.

Such was the individual whom Dick caught in the act of watching him, and the Cool sisters, with undisguised intensity.

"I wonder who old dodger is?" Dick mused.

"He never takes his eyes off'm us. Can't be possible that he knows us, or is here to spy on us. If I thought he was, I'd take it upon myself to investigate his case."

The train was soon made up, and Dick saw the sisters aboard it, gave them good-by, and then went back into the depot.

The bunchback still occupied the same seat, and when the detective looked toward him, the old fellow motioned for him to approach.

Not without considerable curiosity Dick obeyed.

"Well, what do you want?" was asked.

"Do you know who those young ladies were?" the old man asked.

"Certainly, I do. Why?"

"They are my daughters. What were you doing with them?" and there was a trifle of fierceness in the old man's tone.

Dick was astonished. "You Calvin Cool?" he ejaculated.

"I am," was the reply. "But, who are you?—that's what I want to know!"

Dick eyed the man a moment, doubtfully.

"I don't believe you are Calvin Cool!" he declared. "If you are, your daughter Cora would surely have recognized you."

The old man chuckled.

"So she would, had I not been disguised," he replied. "But, why do you refuse to tell me who you are?"

"My name is Richard Bristol. I am a detective."

"A detective?"

"Yes. I am in the employ of your daughter, engaged to hunt you up, or at least ferret out the mystery of your disappearance. I set to work on the case, and have succeeded admirably, for now that I have found you, the way is easy."

"I am glad to meet you!" Calvin Cool said, his voice tremulous with emotion. "I see that my daughters have fallen into the charge of good hands. You know all, then—how I have been wronged?"

"Yes. I know all about how your wife deserted you, robbing you of your money and jewels; how she came East and married another



man, who has since left her; and also, that when you came to Boston, she in some way entrapped and imprisoned you."

"Yes, you are right; I was knocked senseless, by her brother, and when I awoke to consciousness, I was a prisoner in a deep cellar, from which there was no escape. There, for weeks I existed without food or water, except, when, occasionally I could kill a rat, and devour the raw flesh. I was more dead than alive, when rescued, yesterday, by a tramp who happened along. But, tell me—where is she?—that she fiend who has caused me so much suffering? I am very weak, and am clinging to life, when one foot is in the grave, simply because I want to wreak vengeance upon her!" and the wronged man's eyes fairly blazed with the passion that seemed consuming him.

"Your faithless wife intends to flee from Boston, to-night, on the steam-launch *Emily*—George Glenroy's boat—in order to escape arrest. Her destination is Portland. But, she will be doomed to disappointment if she expects to outwit me. When she reaches Portland, she will be immediately placed under arrest. And before the launch reaches Portland, however, I intend to have possession of the diamonds she stole from you, or, at any rate, all she has left of them, to be surrendered to whoever you may elect."

"God bless you, my noble young man! God bless you! Words cannot express the gratitude I hold toward you, for you are doing for my children that which I am too near the grave to do. Where have my children gone?"

"To Portland, to be present at the trial of this infamous mother. You must go there, also, for much will depend on your testimony!"

"Yes, I will be there!" the old man said, slowly, "if I live. But, there is no telling when I may be called away, for the hand of death is slowly but surely tightening its clutch upon me. And it is well that it is so, for, after all I have suffered, death will be welcome. I am old, and but a wreck of my former self, and I do not care to live to be an incumbrance to my two beautiful daughters. The legacy I shall leave them will amply provide for them for years, and I can cheerfully die, knowing I have left nothing undone for their interest."

"Pshaw! Don't talk in that despondent way," Dick replied. "Brace up, and be of good cheer, and you're good for years yet!"

"Alas! no. I know better than that. And, now, before we part, I want to provide for the future, for I may never live to see you again. I have a trust to leave with you for my children. I need not ask you if you are an honest man, for the poorest reader of human character could tell that. You have nobly espoused the cause of my daughter, without knowing that you would ever realize a cent for your labors, and you are the last man to take the back trail, at this stage of the game. So listen:

"When I came East, I brought with me more money than any one had an idea of, not even Cora. I did not inform her of how much I carried for fear it would cause her undue worryment."

"A few days before I started, I had made a bonanza haul, through the sale of a mine, amounting to a number of thousands of dollars. Before this I was comparatively a poor man, having put all in that mine."

"Well, when I reached Boston, I had something over eleven thousand dollars in my pocket. The remainder was sewed within the lining of my clothes."

"I went direct to Moses Mumb, a former acquaintance of mine, and deposited ten of the eleven I had in my pocket for safe-keeping, taking for security several of his backers, who offered their names to a document you will find, together with money, in this roll. When I was consigned to my cellar prison, my pockets were searched, but the remainder of my money was sewed within the lining of my clothes as I said before."

Here the old man drew from his pocket, a bundle, wrapped in brown paper.

"Take this," he said, "and give it to my daughters. It is all I have to give them, except my blessing. There's fifty thousand dollars there; it will keep them well."

"But you are going to Portland, are you not?" Dick asked.

"Yes, I will start for there," Calvin Cool replied, "but I might die on the way, so it is better you should take charge of the money."

They conversed a little while longer, and then, after securing a promise from Cool that he would start for Portland by the next train, Deadwood Dick took his departure.

The game was beginning to narrow down!

## CHAPTER XIV.

### DEALING FOR DISGUISES.

FROM the depot, Deadwood Dick went back to the Revere House, and got Rats, and then together, they sought a costumer's establishment, and after making numerous inquiries, found the place they wanted.

It was an odd den, being the second story, front room, over a grocery store, and clogged up with a multitudinous array of carnival paraphernalia, from the slouchiest-looking suit, to the most expensive silk and satin outfits.

In fact there wasn't anything in the way of clothing, false beards, mustaches, wigs, armor, masks, and other paraphernalia pertaining to disguises, but what was there to be seen, rented or purchased.

The man in charge, was a big nosed Jew, Natuan Lazarus, as the sign indicated.

As briefly and yet explicitly, Dick told Mr. Lazarus, what he wanted for himself and Rats.

"My frient, I can fit you out shust like dot paper on der wall," Lazarus asseverated, rubbing his hands together in a patronizing way. "I understand your case, mine frient. I haluf plenty of gustomers, like dot alretty."

"I is an artist at dose pizness, you see. I have everyting to voruk with, dot mine brothers haluf not. Besides, I haf dot experience vid the stage, and how to make up. Ah! yes, mine frient, I know me vot you wants, an' I fix you out dwice so sheap as mine brother Abraham, across 'e street. You vant to be so shauged in dot abbearences, vot your own modder-in-law von't know you, some more?"

"That's it, exactly," Dick replied. "And you want to be lively about it, too, for we've got no time to spare!"

"Very well, mine frient. You say you vant to be a sailor?"

"Yes."

"An' der poy he ish a nigger?"

"Git out! I ain't a nigger!" retorted Rats.

"No! no! my poy—you vant to make nigger pelief. Dot ish it!"

"Now yer' shontin', old nose!"

"My young shentleman, you should neffer mage fun of dose personal defects of odgers," Lazarus said, solemnly. "You may half shildren of your own, von of dose days."

Then turning to Deadwood Dick, the costumer continued:

"Yes, mine frient: I fix you out so quick as neffer vas. Wanne I make you nigger of der poy, you shust go down-stairs to der barber-shop, an' you gets dose mustaches taken off clean!"

"What for?" Dick demanded, caressing his graceful upper-lip adornment, and feeling rather adverse to parting with it.

"Oh! mine frient, it would neffer do for you to wear dot mustaches. Dose sailor shaps haf no mustaches, as you know, my frient."

"Well, I guess you're right. You black up the boy, and I'll go and have the thing removed," Dick said.

Accordingly, he proceeded to the barber-shop, and went through with the required tonsorial operation, and when the job was done, his appearance was greatly changed.

Deadwood Dick with a mustache, and Deadwood Dick without a mustache, were two entirely different-looking individuals.

When Dick returned to the costumer's rooms, the Jew put up his hands, in astonishment.

"My frient, I would neffer haf known you, if I didn't know it vas you!" he exclaimed. "Vy, my frient, you ish disguised, alretty. But shust wait till I put ret hair on you, an' some viskers under your chin, vot dot Irish calf Galway slugs, and you'll look like a true man-o'-war's-man."

Rats was soon rigged out, and most comical he looked; while, at the same time, it would have been difficult to tell him from a true mulatto boy.

"There! v'ot do you tink of him, mine frient?" Lazarus asked, turning to Dick.

"Tip-top!" Dick assented. "You're a dandy, you are, and if you do equally as good with me, I'll make it worth your while. Be lively, however, for time is precious."

"Say, see here!" ejaculated Rats, who had been surveying himself in the glass. "Will this paint wash off?"

"No, my frient, dot paint vill not come off. You vill look shust like dot all of your life!" Lazarus replied, solemnly.

At which the boy sleuth gave vent to a howl of dismay.

"Lookee here, d'ye mean it?" he cried, with a sudden outburst of anger. "Ef you do, I

hope I may never see sundown if I don't flat fix you!"

And seizing a sword from the wall, he advanced toward the Jew in a threatening manner.

And he was in dead earnest, too!

As for Lazarus, he started back, nearly scared out of his wits.

"Oh, my frient—my frient!" he cried, "dot vas all von mistake, so help me Moses! I vas only shoking, dot ish all. Dot paint he wash off your faces, vid a little soap-suds or ammonia, shust so easy as noddinks. Idells you the truth, so help me, and if I don't I gif you all mine store und stock!"

Somewhat mollified, Rats restored the weapon to its place on the wall, and Lazarus went on with his work, keeping a suspicious eye on the young man in black.

In less than half an hour Dick was "made up" and ready for the street.

When he surveyed his person in the glass he hardly knew himself. He was dressed in a full sailor's suit, cap and all, and wore a fringe of reddish whiskers under his chin, reaching from ear to ear, and, what with some dexterously-penciled forehead-furrows and an extra touch here and there, he resembled a jolly, rollicking fishman.

To make his disguise still more effective and complete, Lazarus had artistically added an incipient rum-blossom to the end of his nose.

"There, mine frient, vot you tink about dot?" the Jew demanded, triumphantly. "I bet you haluf a dollar your own mudder-in-law wouldn't know you!"

"Thank you, I'm not blessed in that particular direction," Dick replied. "Yes, the job is a good one. How much do I owe you?"

"Vel, mine frient, I am an honest man, and I wouldn't shent you, so help me Moses. But, times are very hard, sir, and I vil haf to sharge you fifty dollars, an' I am losing money at dot. I makes noddinks out o' you, at all, but dot nexd veller vot comes along, I sock it to him for all 'e's vorth!"

"Fifty dollars, eh? Well, that ain't so bad. Dirt cheap! Here's your bundle," and drawing a roll of bills from his pocket, Dick handed the costumer a crisp fifty-dollar note.

Lazarus's countenance fell, when he heard that the detective did not consider the price exorbitant.

"My frient, I haf let you off very sheap, and I am money out of pocket," he whined. "If I had charged you seventy-five, you would have paid it!"

"Why, certainly I would!"

"Now shust look at dot! See vot I haf lost, through being too honest. Oh! Rachel! Rachel, I vil neffer succeed in pizness! Mine frient, I am very poor. You ought to gif me dose egdra twenty-five dollars."

"Not another dollar!" the detective replied, "because, I ain't built that way. I shall hold you responsible for the safe-keeping of our clothes until I call for them; so good-day, my poor Lazarus at the king's gate—good-day. Come, Rats, we must be going," and the two took their departure, leaving Lazarus in a very unpleasant frame of mind.

"I'll bet Laz vill kick the foot-board off his bed, to-night, 'cause he didn't get that extra twenty-five," Rats laughed, as the two detectives made their way toward Hanover street.

## CHAPTER XV.

CALVIN COOL'S VENGEANCE—CONCLUSION. DICK and Rats went direct to the neighborhood of Moses Mumb's pawshop, and there found Jack Brady waiting.

The tough surveyed the two recruits with unbounded amazement.

"Well, by thunder!" he ejaculated. "Ef them make-ups don't take the biscuit, I'll swear off drinkin', an' go join the Salvation Army. Say, Sharkey, yer own mother wouldn't know ye. I shouldn't, ef I hadn't known you was comin'! That smeller o' yours looks like you'd been hittin' the keg purty often o' late."

"Yes, I guess it does look a trifle that way," Dick asserted. "So you think our disguise perfect, eh?"

"Yes. It couldn't be more so."

"Well, I am glad of that. How's things at the launch?"

"Oh! bloomin'! I've fixed matters all right with young Glenroy, and you can go aboard, at once. As for the kid, here, he'd better wait for a while—say a couple of hours—and then, when he applies for a job, I'll see that he gets it!"

"Yes, I reckon that is a good idea," Dick acquiesced.



And so it was arranged that Rats should not approach the wharf where the Emily was tied up, until later in the day.

Dick and Brady, however, set out at once for Charlestown.

"I tell you what, Sharkey, you're a daisy at disguise!" yourself. Wish I had your knack. But then, I suppose I'll learn, after you and I have been doubled up for awhile," and the tough rubbed his stubby chin, blandly.

"Oh! yes, I presume so. If you are at all apt, it won't take you long to learn."

On the way to Charlestown, Brady became confidential, and told Dick about the valuable diamonds which Mrs. Glenroy possessed, and how he intended to rob her of them before the ship reached Portland.

"Oh! I tell ye, there's a fortune in 'em, Sharkey!" the villain declared, waxing enthusiastic, "an' it's there for you and I to get. You're cleverer than I at the bizness, and if you say the word, we'll go in snucks and divy up even. What d'ye say?"

"It's a bargain. But, look here, it will be rather a risky job on board a boat, where we can't get away with our plunder."

"Pshaw! we can easy fix that. We won't tackle the job until we're entering Portland Harbor. Then, while I engage Mag in conversation, on deck, you can go below and hit her trunk for all the valuables it contains."

Of course Dick acquiesced in this proposition so as not to arouse Brady's suspicions.

In due time they reached the little steam-launch and boarded her, and Brady introduced Dick to Gil Glenroy and old Mose Gunner, the skipper, as Michael McFadden.

Soon afterward, Brady and Glenroy left the craft to secure more men for the crew, for besides Dick, only one man had been shipped, and he did not seem overstocked with nautical knowledge.

He was a large, raw-boned individual, without a pound of spare flesh on his figure. His hair and huge beard were like unto the color of an over-burned brick. His nose and all the upper portion of his face that was visible was also very red, and Mervin Mackert, as he called himself, had the appearance of a man who had been a very hard drinker all his life.

It filled Deadwood Dick with delight when he saw Glenroy and Brady depart.

"Now's my opportunity," he muttered, "the best one I will have, very likely."

So, almost at once, he engaged in conversation with the Emily's captain, a genial old skipper who had been the seas over many a time.

The nature of the conversation may be surmised by our simply stating that when Dick showed his detective badge as authority for what he said, the bluff old sailor became all attention.

Dick talked long and to the point, and when he had finished, Gunner put out his hand warmly.

"I am glad you have told me about this," he said, "for I will now be able to clear my skirts of any responsibility in the matter. The order young Glenroy gave me purporting to come from his father, is a masterpiece of forgery, and I am well enough acquainted with George Glenroy to know that he'll make the young scamp smart for this escapade."

"Will you start to-night?"

"Yes. The sky is clear, and the indications of fair weather are good. Besides, it is full moon, and the weather having moderated, we are likely to have a fine trip."

By six o'clock that night, a crew had been mustered, and everything was in readiness for the journey. Rats was also "on deck."

Gil Glenroy then went to fetch his step-mother on board.

At eight o'clock they arrived, bag and baggage, and at nine o'clock, the Emily pulled out from the the wharf, and steamed oceanward.

It was not until after the launch was well out in the harbor, that, carrying a camp-stool, Mrs. Glenroy came out on the little deck, and seated herself in the stern near the companion way.

She was well wrapped up, even though the night could not be called really cold.

A pretty brisk head wind was blowing down from the north, and so Captain Gunner decided not to put out too far, until the wind shifted; accordingly, there was nothing left for the sailors to do but lounge about and take their ease.

The night was a beautiful one, with a clear, starlit sky, and soaring full moon, whose mellow rays transformed the dancing waves into a panorama of loveliness; but this peaceful beauty was destined to be rudely disturbed.

A series of screams at the stern of the launch, caused all hands to rush thither. There they

saw Mrs. Glenroy desperately struggling with the sailor Mackert, who, lifting the woman bodily, pitched her overboard!

"Ha! ha!" he shrieked, shaking his clinched fist on high. "Such is the vengeance of Calvin Cool!"

The crew rushed forward to seize him, but, with a wild laugh, he sprang overboard!

Ropes were thrown out, but all to no avail.

Calvin Cool and his faithless wife had found their grave in the deep!

Dear reader, there is but little more to add.

When the Emily arrived in Portland, Brady and young Glenroy were seized to await a requisition from Boston, whither they were later sent for trial.

Deadwood Dick recovered the Cool diamonds, and the sum left with Moses Mumb. This, together with the fifty thousand dollars, was turned over to Gertie and Cora, who, of course, substantially rewarded their "best friend in all the world" as they called him; and his boy pard was not overlooked.

Shortly afterward, the two sleuths set out for Philadelphia en-route for the West.

THE END.

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BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers.  
98 William Street, New York.